

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1866.

GOVERNOR PIERRE VAN CORTLAND.

BY REV. J. B. WAKELEY.

"O, I would walk
A weary journey, to the further verge
Of the big world, to kiss the good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? E'en as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish."

EVERY nation has held in grateful remembrance the names and deeds of the illustrious dead. So have Churches. Paganism has deified its heroes and Popery canonized its saints. Because some have gone to extremes shall we neglect the mighty past or the sacred dead? Can we not have the truth without the error, the wheat without the chaff, the gold without the dross, the veneration without the superstition, the admiration without the worship? May we not "prove all things and hold fast that which is good?"

Over half a century has passed away since the venerable Governor Van Cortland was gathered to his fathers. In looking at the fine steel engraving the reader will admire his Franklin-like head, his honest face, mild eye, and benignant countenance. It is one of those faces one loves to look upon and is never weary.

He was born in the city of New York, 10th of January, 1721. This was eleven years before Washington was born, fifty-five years before the Declaration of Independence, sixty-eight years before our Constitution was adopted, fourteen years before the Wesleys went to Georgia, eighteen years before Methodism assumed an organized form in England, and forty-

seven years before the first Methodist chapel was built in America.

Governor Van Cortland descended from a noble ancestry, and belonged to one of the wealthiest families in New York; indeed, they were among the peers of the realm. The first Lord of the Manor of Cortland was Stephanus Van Cortland, Mayor of the city of New York in 1677, the son of the Hon. Oloff Stephenson Van Cortland, who emigrated to New Amsterdam in 1640. He sprang from one of the great families in Holland, their ancestors having gone there when deprived of the sovereignty of Courland,* Russia. His pedigree can be traced to the nobility of Holland and Russia.

The Governor was the fifth son of Philip Van Cortland, eldest surviving son of Stephanus. He was the oldest representative of the Van Cortland family, and the heir at law of the entail.†

There are a number of manors in the State of New York, bordering on the banks of the Hudson, and were originally called after the names of the families that owned them—Livingston Manor, Philip's Manor, Van Rensselaer's Manor, and Van Cortland's Manor, and others. They were grants of land from the Crown of England, for which they had royal charters. The Van Cortland Manor was first purchased from the Indians in separate parcels, and was then confirmed by royal patent to the Hon. Stephanus Van Cortland. It consisted of eighty-three thousand acres, and was by royal charter erected into the Lordship and Manor of Cortland.

* The orthography is said to be Corte land—the first syllable, corte or korte, meaning, in the Dutch language, short; the second, landt—land—literally the short land, a term expressing the peculiar form of the ancient Duchy of Courland, in Russia.

† Bolton's History of West Chester County, 1 Vol.

The royal charter was given the 17th of June, 1697. The whole manor was held on condition of paying yearly to the Crown upon the feast-day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary the rent of forty shillings. There were extensive forests, where the deer ranged, and the lord of the manor was constituted "the sole and only ranger, to have and enjoy all the perquisites, etc., that of right doth belong to a ranger according to the statutes and customs of the realm of England."

Having described the manor, we will now notice the manor-house. It is said to have been built soon after the royal patent was granted. A more beautiful and picturesque site could not have been selected. It is on the bank of the Croton River* near where it flows into the Hudson. From the venerable mansion there is a splendid view of both. On the north there are noble forest-trees, on the south a beautiful lawn adorned with flowers. As you enter there stands a grand old locust-tree, splendid in decay, that is over two hundred years old.

The old house is distinguished for its antiquity. It remains in its original grandeur. In the basement are port-holes for fire-arms, for defense against the attacks of the Indians or the British. It reminds us of the age when men were exposed to danger, and when every man's house was his castle. The house is distinguished for the guests who have been entertained there—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lafayette, and George Whitefield. From the piazza Whitefield preached to listening hundreds, who were thrilled and captivated with his eloquence. It was also the home of Francis Asbury, Freeborn Garrettson, John Bloodgood, Peter Moriarty, Sylvester Hutchinson, Woolman Hickson, and others, who received a hearty welcome. It was a preaching-place for the Methodists till the church was built. But yesterday I was in the old house. I never visit the old manor-house without peculiar emotion. Here Governor Van Cortland lived and died. Here Asbury prayed and preached. As you enter the old mansion over the door are stags' heads with large horns, reminding you of a by-gone age, when the deer thronged the forest, and when the huntsman's horn was sounded. On the piazza are a number

of very old chairs that bear the marks of antiquity, some of them on rollers. These have been occupied by those who have long since gone to rest.

In the hall are a number of rare paintings. There is a bust of the old Governor taken from a painting by Jarvis. There is also a fine portrait of his wife. There is an ancient painting of Pierre, afterward Lieutenant-Governor, in a scarlet coat, with white silk stockings and a gray hound by his side. There are many ancient letters as well as paintings, some from Washington, Mrs. Martha Washington, Lafayette, Mrs. James Madison, and others. A pair of silver-mounted pistols belonging to the old Governor are quite a curiosity. What guests have been welcomed into that hospitable mansion! There patriots have assembled, and patriotic plans been formed. From this enchantingly-beautiful home they were driven by the British during the Revolutionary War.

The life of Governor Van Cortland is closely interwoven with the history of the American Revolution and of the Empire State. His name is enrolled in the annals of his country among the immortal names that can not die. He was the intimate friend of such noble patriots as Robert R. Livingston, who administered the oath to Washington, of John Jay, George and James Clinton, and others. He not only enjoyed their confidence and friendship, but fought side by side the battles of freedom. He was a true patriot. In 1774 his excellency, Governor William Tryon, the last of the royal governors, made a visit to the old mansion in order to secure Pierre Van Cortland to the royal service. He came in a vessel with his secretary and several others. They remained over night. The next morning the Governor proposed a walk. They went to the highest point of land on the farm, from whence there was a beautiful and extensive prospect. The Governor then stated to Pierre Van Cortland what great favors he could obtain if he would relinquish his opposition to the views of the King and Parliament of Great Britain—what grants of land, in addition to other favors of eminence, etc. Mr. Van Cortland declined his offer and his proffered gifts and honors, saying to Governor Tryon, "I was chosen a representative by the unanimous approbation of a people who placed confidence in my integrity to use all my ability for the benefit of my country as a true patriot, which line of conduct I am determined to pursue." Here was genuine patriotism that could not be corrupted by British gold. He could not be bought nor frightened. Governor Tryon then turned to Col. Fanning,

* This river had an early and distinguished visitor. When every thing was in its delicious wildness, just as the sun had gone down behind the western hills, October 1, 1609, Hendrick Hudson anchored the Half Moon where the Croton empties itself into the North River.

his secretary, and said, "I find our business here must terminate, for nothing can be effected in this place, so we will return." This was his last interview with the royal Governor. After a few words of farewell Governor Tryon and those who were with him entered on board of a sloop and returned to the city of New York. We can not wonder that after that a reward was offered for the head of the sterling patriot, as well as for the head of John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

We can not but feel great admiration for the firm and manly tone with which he replies to Governor Tryon, and the dignified contempt with which he spurns his offers. He suffered much from Tories and from the British during the war of the Revolution. He was driven from his mansion—a part of the time he spent in Rhinebeck and the remainder at Peekskill, where his gifted and patriotic daughter, Mrs. Beekman, resided. Her house was for some time the head-quarters of General Washington. She used to talk of making the General's bed—what pains she took to make it soft and nice. In 1777 a party of royalists, under Colonels Bayard and Fanning, went to her house at Peekskill and insultingly asked her, "Are you the daughter of that old rebel, Pierre Van Cortland?" Mrs. Beekman replied, "I am the daughter of Pierre Van Cortland, but it becomes not such as you to call my father a rebel." The Tory raised his musket as if to fire at her, when she with great calmness reproved him for his insolence and bid him begone. The coward turned away, quailing in the presence of the courageous woman, and she was unharmed.

Governor Van Cortland was President of the Committee of Safety in New York city, a member of the first Provincial Congress in the city of New York, and he was President of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the State of New York.

When that brave soldier and distinguished patriot, George Clinton, was elected first Governor of New York in 1777, Pierre Van Cortland was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and he was reelected eighteen times to this high office, when he declined a reelection. This shows the high estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. General Clinton being engrossed with military affairs, the active duties of the Governor devolved upon him, and they were discharged with great ability, honesty, and fidelity. Washington Irving makes most honorable mention of this "old and honorable family, who were conspicuous patriots during the Revolution." He speaks of Pierre Van Cortland "being a staunch friend and ally of George

Clinton; that he remained true to the cause of his country and filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor with great dignity."

In the City Hall in the Governor's room there are many portraits of distinguished men, among others a bust of the old Governor. This was presented to the corporation by his illustrious son Philip. The Common Council in acknowledging the gift show their gratitude and the high estimate in which he was held by the passage of several resolutions. They accept with "every suitable consideration the likeness of the second magistrate in the State; that New York city cherishes the memory of the statesmen and heroes who defended the Republic by their councils or their valor in the time that tried men's souls," etc. Then they pass other resolutions: we have only room for the following:

"Resolved, That the Common Council recurs with equal pride and pleasure to the happy period of the Revolution, when, under the happy auspices of Almighty God, George Washington, as the commander and chief of the army of the United States—George Clinton as the Governor of the State of New York, and Pierre Van Cortland as the Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate of the State, conducted the civil and military authorities into the city the 25th of November, 1783, and restored the exiled citizens after an absence of more than seven years to their altars and firesides."

Mr. Van Cortland was very fortunate in the choice of his wife and in his domestic relations. He married Joanna Livingston, of Kingston, New York. She was one year younger than himself. In her he found an excellent companion. She was a model wife, a model mother, and a model Christian. She made the old manor-house a home—an earthly paradise. Many a patriot did she welcome into her dwelling; many a Methodist minister did she make happy. Bishop Asbury had the most exalted idea of her excellence, and makes most honorable mention of her in his Journal. He pronounces her "a Shunamite indeed." She had a room in which to entertain the Lord's prophets. After living a life of purity and usefulness she died a peaceful death in the old manor-house, 10th of September, 1808, aged eighty-seven years.

Their children were an honor to them. They were blessed with noble sons and splendid daughters. Their names and ages were recorded by the old Governor in his ancient Dutch Bible, which was printed in Amsterdam in 1618.

They had eight children—four sons and four daughters. Philip was the eldest son. He

was born in New York city, August 21, 1749. He spent his youthful days at the manor-house. When a young man Governor Tryon tried to secure him to the side of loyalty. He sent him a major's commission, which he tore to pieces. He was of a tall and noble form; looked as if he was born to command armies or sway a senate. He was a genuine patriot; a skillful and courageous soldier. His first commission was from John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, and bears his bold signature. He aided personally in the capture of General Burgoyne, and acted a conspicuous part at Yorktown, where the crowning battle of the Revolution was fought. For his bravery at Yorktown he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He was the intimate friend of Lafayette, whom, in person, it is said, he strongly resembled. He corresponded with him, and when he visited this country in 1824 he made the tour of the States with him. Being the oldest son he inherited the property of his father. He was a great friend of the Methodists; would go to the preaching and the prayer meeting, and when no minister came he would go forward to the altar and read the Holy Scriptures. I attended a prayer meeting in the Methodist church of Croton in 1830, and the General came in his carriage, and I remember how nervous I was to officiate before so distinguished a man. Numerous letters in the family are preserved, which I have been permitted to read, from Washington, Lafayette, R. R. Livingston; but the most interesting are the letters of the old Governor to his son, so full of patriarchal simplicity and tenderness. Not less touching are the letters of General Van Cortland to his venerable father and mother. They are perfect models. The hero—the statesman fade away before the filial son. He showed his love for Methodism by confirming in his will what his father had given—the site for a Methodist church and land for a burying-ground. He died at the old manor-house, November 21, 1831, and his funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Noble W. Thomas, who was then a preacher on the circuit.

Catherine, afterward Mrs. Vanwyck, was born July 4, 1751. She was a woman of rare beauty with her splendid glossy locks, and as gifted as she was beautiful. She was saved from despair under a sermon by Woolman Hickson, and shouted aloud the praises of her Maker. She united her fortunes with the Methodists, and it was through her Methodism was introduced into the family.

Cornelia, afterward Mrs. Beekman, was born August 2, 1753. This is the patriotic woman

we have named. She was a very superior woman. She corresponded with Washington, and kept him posted up with the movements of the British. She thus rendered most essential service to the patriotic cause. She was a great lover of Methodism, and the Methodist minister was ever welcome to her dwelling. It was at the house of her son, Dr. Stephen Beekman, that John Summerfield was treated with so much tenderness during his last sickness, and where he expired June 30, 1825.

Pierre, afterward General Van Cortland, was named after his father, and was a man of splendid abilities. He was born August 29, 1762.

Ann, afterward Mrs. Van Rensselaer, was born June 1, 1766. Her husband was mayor of the city of Albany many years. Meek, modest, humane, she was a universal favorite.

Governor Van Cortland early identified himself with Methodism. His house was a preaching-place till he gave the land and aided in building a house of worship upon it. It is one of the most splendid sites for a church in America. From it is one of the most beautiful and picturesque views of the Hudson and the distant mountains and forest-clad hills I have ever beheld. The age of the church is not known. It must have been built soon after the Revolution. Two aged mothers in Israel—twins—ninety-two years old, told me when they were little girls they carried the workmen, who were employed in building the house, their dinner. Asbury preached in it as early as 1790.

In September, 1804, the first camp meeting east of the Hudson River was held in Carmel, Putnam county, New York. Governor Van Cortland and his family attended it, and they were well pleased. William Thatcher, who was presiding elder on the district, made application to Governor Van Cortland for a beautiful grove of his in which to hold a camp meeting. It was near his dwelling. So pleased was the Governor with the one at Carmel he readily consented, and said, "I have seen all this grove grow up and have been solicited to cut down the trees because of the goodness of the soil, yet I could never consent to it, nor could I tell why, till your application for it as a place of worship solved the mystery. It seems as if it was from the Lord." Revs. William Thatcher, J. B. Matthias, John Robertson, and Nathan Anderson, a circuit steward, marked out the ground—the circle for the tents, the place for the preachers' stand, and then they kneeled down and prayed that God would consecrate the ground, and the baptism of fire descended, and they heard a voice saying, "From this day will I come down and bless thee." Such a

direct answer from heaven filled their souls with such joy they sprang from their feet and ran shouting in different directions in search of a stone. Each brought one and put them together, making a kind of altar to remind them of where they had felt the presence of the Shekinah. The camp meeting was held in the early part of September, 1805, and the Divine glory was displayed in a wonderful manner. Multitudes were awakened and converted, and many sanctified. At times the power of God was perfectly overwhelming. Many fell to the ground. Rev. John Robertson heard that Robert Dillan, one of the preachers, had fallen to the ground, and he went to see, and he fell beside him. The Rev. Mr. Haight, a Presbyterian minister from Somers, heard that two Methodist ministers had fallen to the ground; he went to see, and when he beheld the scene he began to feel the power and was reeling, when two of his Presbyterian friends took hold of him and hurried him from the camp-ground.

The Governor and his family were constant attendants, and notwithstanding such exhibitions of power, he did not become nervous or alarmed, but he claimed the *privilege of having an annual camp meeting in his grove till the year of his death*. They used to be called Governor Van Cortland's camp meeting. He died in 1814, and they were continued on that ground at different times till 1831, the year the General died. Who can estimate the good accomplished on this ground! How many who have pitched their tents in the groves of paradise look back to it as their spiritual birthplace! Once I saw Bishop Waugh fall on the stand overwhelmed with the power of God, as he was preaching one of his powerful sermons. His face shone with seraphic beauty. On this ground Daniel Ostrander preached a powerful sermon for Bishop George from, "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

Bishop Asbury had a proper veneration for the old Governor, and makes mention of him a number of times in his Journal, and says, "The dear old man strikingly resembles General Russell, of Kentucky."

Freeborn Garrettson was an admirer of him. He preached at the manor-house as early as 1789. William Thatcher held him in high estimation, and called him "the pious and venerable Governor Van Cortland."

The old Governor was tall. He had a noble, manly form. There was much of patriarchal dignity and patriarchal simplicity about him. Though of a wealthy, aristocratic family, he was as simple and artless as a child, while he was as dignified as a grand old Roman. He

was known for his private virtues as well as his public abilities. He was affable and courteous—a complete gentleman of the old school in his manners, and the delight of those who knew him.

The time came when the old patriarch must die. Death entered the old manor-house stripped of all his terrors. Without doubt or fear he gave his great soul to God and his body to the dust. I prefer giving the closing scene in the language of his son, General Philip, to his sister, Mrs. Van Rensaeller, in a private letter, which I have been permitted to copy. It is dated Croton, May 1, 1814:

"Resigned to the will of his Heavenly Redeemer, our dearly-beloved father ended his pilgrimage this morning a little after 6 o'clock. He is at rest, I trust, in paradise, and his advice I pray the Lord to enable us to keep constantly in mind. He said, 'Love each other and put your trust in your Savior; he never will forsake you. My Redeemer has been my friend and supporter upward of ninety years, and will continue to be so. Although my struggles are hard, yet ere long I shall be happy'—in short, he was all love—all resignation."

His remains were deposited in the family burying-ground. It is on rising ground a little north-west of the old manor-house. Nothing could be more romantic and beautiful. A little from it was an Indian castle and an Indian burying-ground.

Bishop Asbury called at the old manor-house in May, 1815, where he lamented the death of one of his choicest friends. He says the dear aged Governor Van Cortland has gone to his rest. Before a year had rolled around he was also in the grave. I have sometimes thought the Bishop wrote what was on the tombstone of the old Governor, not only on account of the Scripture quotation, but the language is so Methodistic. It says, "He died a bright witness of that perfect love which casts out the fear of death." I have heard it attributed to another. Wandering among the tombs in this rural burying-ground, where so many of the illustrious dead are sleeping, I copied the following from the marble tomb:

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

In Memory of the Honorable

PIERRE VAN CORTLAND,

late Lieutenant-Governor of the
State of New York,

and President of the Convention that
framed the Constitution thereof during
the Revolutionary war with Great Britain.

He departed this life on the 1st day of May, 1814, in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

He was a patriot of the first order, zealous to
the last for the liberties of his country;
A man of exemplary virtues; kind as a neighbor,
fond and indulgent as a parent; an honest man—
ever the friend of the poor;
respected and beloved.

The simplicity of his private life was like that
of an ancient Patriarch.

He died a bright witness of that perfect
love which casteth out the fear of death,
Putting his trust in the living God, and
with full assurance of salvation in the
redeeming love of Jesus Christ, retaining
his recollection to the last and calling upon
his Savior to take him to himself.

THE SILENT VILLAGE.

BY EMILY D. THORPE.

A LITTLE way from the busy town,
Beyond the noise of men,
Whence, through waving branches looking down,
The burning crowd is seen;
And where all the surge of life's unrest
To whispered murmurs dies,
On the peaceful hill-side's quiet breast
A silent village lies.

The Summer wind, with the whispering leaves
And waving grasses plays,
And the Wint'ry blast through shivering trees
And lonely pathways raves,
And the storm, with great gray wings of gloom,
Unfelt, unheeded, comes,
And it stirs no sign and wakes no sound
Within these silent homes.

The tuneful bird pours its joyous note,
And sings its glad, sweet lay,
And the butterfly and hum-bee float
Through all the Summer day;
And the faint, low sound of busy life
Creeps on the evening air
From the town, with restless billows rife,
But still 't is silent there.

The blushing rose her sweet bloom unfolds,
The daisies gem the ground,
And the buttercup's bright crown of gold
Gleams o'er each grassy mound;
And the fragrant store of clover sweets
With violet perfume blends,
But the loveliness no glad voice greets,
Or the deep silence rends.

The restless feet and the merry shout
Of childhood there are still;
And the song of youth ne'er ringeth out
From these still, quiet fields,
And the busy hands on this life's stage,
Crossed on the peaceful breast,
And the tottering steps of hoary age,
All there in silence rest.

The marble slab and the turfy mound
Point where they 're peaceful laid,
And the gleaming shaft and moss-grown stone
Mark the same lowly bed,
For the rich and poor, there side by side,
In narrow mansions sleep,
And no dream of care, or pomp, or pride,
Breaks on their silence deep.

A deep, dark spell, through all time which lasts,
Of mystery unknown,
From the King of Silence' shadow cast,
Over the place is thrown;
But a mightier power shall break the spell,
And these still forms shall wake,
When the trumpet of God's resounding peal
Shall on their silence break.

THE PROMPTER.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

LAST night my heart was sad. The day had been
Oppressive with its burning heat, and weary,
From my close room I looked and longed for night,
Which came at last with visage dark and dreary.

The sweet blue heavens, hung thick with murky clouds,
Seemed like a mourner o'er the still earth bending,
And the low sobbings of the wandering wind
With fitful patterings of rain were blending.

Life took its hue from nature; and in vain
Backward I looked through labyrinths dim and
hoary,
For one brief hour of calm, unruffled peace;
One ray of bright, untarnished earthly glory.

Transient as morning mist! along my path,
Like frowning sentinels, cold head stones gleaming,
Told where a little dust, a few crushed flowers,
Were shined memorials of earth's proudest seeming.

The present! how I turned it o'er and o'er,
The shadows of a sick room round me lying,
Hopeless of health—life lingering on and on,
To be perhaps long, weary years in dying.

God's angel came at length, and each lone thought,
Oblivious alike of blight or blessing,
Sank down to rest like an o'erwearied child,
Infolded in the arms of soft caressing.

Dreams came and went: grim midnight held the hour
For ghostly revelry! wakened with sadness
I peered into its depths. High over all
One star its watch-fire kept of hope and gladness.

Then I remembered how in greatest need
The All-Father sees, and, pitying, sends an angel
To spread green mosses o'er our thorniest paths,
Or cheer our faint hearts with some blest evangel.

Prompted to better thoughts, my murmuring heart,
Shamed and rebuked, put by its faithless sorrow,
And gathered strength to drink life's cup to-day,
And trust Him for the ingredients of to-morrow.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY REV. M. J. CRAMER, A. M.

"IMAGINATION," says Lord Bacon, "I understand to be the representation of an individual thought." "The faculty of representation or imagination proper," says Sir William Hamilton—Logic, p. 425—"consists in the greater or less power of holding up an ideal object in the light of consciousness." Whatever its definition may be, it is certain that it is a distinct faculty of the mind, and as such exerts a great influence upon the character and life of man. It may not only determine, to a great extent, his joys and sorrows, but may also enlighten or confuse his understanding, purify or pollute his heart, and accelerate or retard his activity. It may either vividly represent to him his high and glorious destiny, or remove it from his vision. It may lead him into temptation, or arm him against it; it may fire him for virtue or vice, and render his life happy or miserable. It may become the source of errors, "both when it is too languid and when it is too vigorous. In the former case, the object is represented obscurely and indistinctly; in the latter, the ideal representation affords the illusive appearance of a sensible presentation." (Sir W. Hamilton's Logic, p. 426.) Hence arises the necessity of knowing how to regulate and govern it. This knowledge will contribute largely toward the harmonious development of the intellectual faculties, the formation of an evenly-balanced character, and the happiness of the present life. We may be permitted to suggest a few hints relative to its government.

I. *The imagination should not be weakened or suppressed for the sake of benefiting the other faculties of the mind.* It is said that nature has produced nothing which it does not need. This is true of the imagination. In the development of man nature is greatly assisted by the imagination. It acts an important part in his history. So long as it does not step out of its proper relation to the other faculties of the mind, it gloriously beams forth the dignity and nobility of man; it can not be dispensed with in any really great human act; it is a type of God's omniscience and omnipresence.

The imagination furnishes the intellect with most of its materials for forming ideas and judgments. True, the imagination derives most if not all images from the external world through the senses, yet much of what is presented to the senses would be lost, if it had not the power of holding up in the light of con-

sciousness the very image of the things after they had been removed from them. Nor is our intuitive knowledge of such a nature that the intellect may expend its activity upon it without the aid of the imagination. A description is merely an outline of an object; the imagination must aid us in apprehending and filling it up in order to give it a resemblance to reality. It leads the intellect from thought to thought, and from this train of associated thought it forms enchanting combinations. Sometimes in its playful freaks lie hidden the germs of great discoveries.

Persons of refined sensibilities are invested with additional charms by a well-regulated imagination. It reveals to them the glories of an inner world, which beam forth in their countenances and effuse themselves like a mighty stream through all their actions.

Again: by the imagination we hold fast the high aim and destiny of life; by it we discover the means necessary for attaining to that aim. To it belongs, in a great measure, that enthusiasm with which we must be filled in order to undertake the great and the difficult, to brave dangers and despise what prejudiced and narrow minds regard as great and noble.

If those higher things which lie beyond the boundary of the visible world, but to which the mind believingly and longingly turns, and which the will grasps as a stronghold in the storms of life, shall have a significance at all, the imagination must present them in symbols and invest them with a resemblance to reality. If our ideas are to influence our actions, they must be dressed in the pleasing garment of fancy. And what are the works of art but the productions of fancy—the perfect realization of the ideals of the imagination? Nor should we forget that the imagination measurably widens the narrow and contracted views of life, comforts the distressed, enlightens the unenlightened, sweetens the bitter cup of sorrow and disappointment.

II. *We should, therefore, take care that we enrich our imagination with none but true, beautiful, and good images.* The imagination can not give what it has not received; and yet much is required of it. The materials collected by it through the senses are not yet thought, but thought is formed therefrom. Therefore a rich, lively fancy is a necessary condition to wealth of thought. Men with an empty imagination are as incapable of receiving instruction as of producing great thoughts. A rich fancy may frequently occasion a conflict of ideas, from which proceed great truths, successful plans, and glorious results. The richer our

imagination is, the better it may indemnify us against the poverty of the world, and the more easily we may find in ourselves what we seek in vain elsewhere.

The images with which we enrich our imagination *should be true to nature*. Fancy may occasionally enhance their beauty, but only when their nature and reality have first been perfectly secured by the senses. From the true, the beautiful is produced; but the true must first enter our minds undimmed, before the imagination can reproduce it in its truthfulness and beauty. In the acquisition of knowledge it is indispensably necessary that the imagination should represent the true nature and form of things. Hence neither predilection nor prejudice should be allowed to dispose the imagination to magnify or diminish their real nature.

In perfect harmony, however, with the fidelity to nature of each image is the endeavor to enrich the imagination *with noble, good, and pleasing images*. For much of our happiness or misery depends upon the particular character and the relative kind and intensity of our imagination. "It is much less what we actually are, and what we actually possess, than what we imagine ourselves to be and to have, that is decisive of our existence and fortune." As an illustration of this remark we may adduce the example of the Roman patrician Apicius, who is said to have committed suicide when his fortune was reduced to about five hundred thousand dollars. The Roman epicure imagined that he could not subsist on what, to men in general, would seem more than affluence.

"Imagination, by the attractive and repulsive pictures with which, according to our habits and associations, it fills the frame of our life, lends to reality a magical charm, or despoils it of all its pleasantness. The imaginary happy and the imaginary miserable are common in the world, but their happiness and misery are not the less real; every thing depends on the mode in which they feel and estimate their condition. Fear, hope, the recollection of past pleasures, the torments of absence and of desire, the secret and almost resistless tendency of the mind toward certain objects, are the effects of association and imagination. At a distance things seem to us radiant with celestial beauty, or in the lurid aspect of deformity. Of a truth, in either case we are equally wrong. When the event which we dread, or which we desire, takes place, when we obtain, or when there is forced upon us, an object environed with a thousand hopes or with a thousand fears, we soon discover that we have expected too much or too little; we thought it by anticipation infinite in

good or evil, and we find it in reality not only finite but contracted. 'With the exception,' says Rousseau, 'of the self-existent Being, there is nothing beautiful, but that which is not.' In the crisis whether of enjoyment or suffering, happiness is not so much happiness, nor misery so much misery, as we had anticipated. In the past, thanks to a beneficent Creator, our joys reappear as purer and more brilliant than they had been actually experienced; and sorrow loses not only its bitterness, but is changed even into a source of pleasing recollections." (See Sir W. Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, p. 459.) Hence the saying of Cicero is true, "*Suavis laborum est præteritorum memoria*," while the words of Virgil and of the sacred penman are a consolation in present affliction, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*;" "all things work together for good," . . . "chastening . . . afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Hence, the imagination filled with pleasant, noble, and good pictures, can not fail to produce a serene and cheerful frame of life. Therefore, too, those to whom the education of the young is intrusted should endeavor to enrich the imagination of their pupils with true, pleasing, and noble pictures. The youthful mind is susceptible of receiving impressions either of the true, the beautiful, and the good, or of the evil and the erroneous. Dark pictures or evil impressions are seldom eradicated from the youthful mind. A gloomy fancy poisons the fountain of the inner life, corrupts the thoughts and passions, and determines to a great extent the future destiny of the young. Hence the necessity of carefully guarding their imagination.

But here it should be remembered that it is one thing *to enrich the imagination*, and another thing *to enrich the memory*. The imagination seizes an object in its natural living reality, and interweaves the picture thereof with its own innermost life; memory, on the other hand, receives and retains it in its cold, shadowy outline. A rich fancy produces new arrangements, forms, and combinations of the pictures of objects furnished to it by the senses, while a strong memory conserves or retains only the outlines and forms of these objects. He who simply conserves in his memory the perceptions of the senses, may indeed enrich his stock of knowledge without thereby growing mentally stronger. The imagination may be enriched by an independent and varied study of the world. This should be done, not so much with a desire of merely enriching our stock of knowledge, but with all the intensity of the mind, for the purpose of forming new

arrangements and combinations. But we must remember that the enrichment of the imagination is only a means to higher ends, and should not interfere with the attainment of these ends. It must not be allowed to obstruct mental activity, nor the formation of an evenly-balanced character. It should rather serve as a valuable aid to these processes. Neither the understanding nor the heart can draw much advantage from a rich fancy, if in its enrichment other faculties of the mind have been neglected.

III. *Next to the enrichment of the imagination, our attention is drawn to the manner of its activity.* This is of the utmost importance for the culture and development of man's mind and character. Here we have to consider particularly its *excitability and flexibility, its vivacity and fire, its power and boldness.* *Excitability and flexibility* are nearly related to each other. The imagination is *excitable*, when it is easily incited to activity; it is *flexible*, when it quickly enters upon and perseveringly continues the incited activity. The excitable imagination immediately forms a picture of whatever is perceived by the mind, and holds it up in the light of consciousness; while the flexible imagination passes rapidly from one picture to another, forms continually new combinations, and can with difficulty only be led back to the object of thought.

An excitable and flexible imagination is certainly of great advantage to its possessor. The talent to comprehend an object in its various relations; quickly to pronounce a correct judgment; in embarrassments to find immediately the proper means for rectification; intelligibly to communicate knowledge to others, and the capacity to receive instruction from others; to assemble and put together with quickness ideas, in which can be found resemblance and congruity, so as to produce surprise joined with pleasure, called wit—all this depends upon an excitable and flexible imagination. But whenever its excitability and flexibility transcend their proper limits, it becomes injurious to the mind. It prevents fixedness of attention, diverts it from one object to another, and renders the mind incapable of investigation and research. All mental efforts will be characterized by superficiality; little or nothing great will ever be accomplished nor firmness of character secured.

An excitable and flexible imagination can not be acquired. It is the gift of nature. But whenever it is too strong in these particulars, it may be weakened. It is of great importance to do this in order to establish a manly character. And nothing is more conducive to the accomplishment of this end than awakening a

lively interest in, and pursuing with earnestness whatever course of study we may have chosen. We must take care not to give way to mental idleness, which fancy finds so agreeable, but properly use the power of will that we possess over our thoughts. Let that power energize our mental activity and control our imagination. It will thus be brought to submit to the dictates of reason without losing the advantage of its moderate and healthful exercise.

A vivacious imagination represents ideal objects in their definite individuality and relation; a fiery, in grand outlines and striking proportions. The former represents them with intuitive clearness, the latter in single but striking and important traits. The former tarries in silent contemplation with them; the latter rushes rapturously from one object to another. The fiery imagination is a distinctive characteristic of man; the vivacious, of woman. For the projection of grand plans, the comprehension of great ideas, and the formation of sublime resolutions a fiery imagination is necessary. Here reason should not despise its preparations, nor attempt to do without its assistance. What the flexible imagination is to the ordinary activity of the mind, the fiery is to its creative energy. Little depends upon the degree of its incalcescence—more upon its living, energetic, thoughtful activity and rapid but thorough progress. In this sense the vivacious imagination must rise to the fiery in order to reach the genius or inspiration of genuine art. Even in philosophical investigation the indications of a fiery fancy may become useful by giving it a higher flight, or leading it into unknown regions of thought. But care is to be taken that the fiery fancy does neither dispossess reason of its right to pronounce judgment, nor utter mystic sentences for solid truth.

Generally a fiery fancy is not without danger to the intellectual and moral character of its possessor. It may prevent calm reflection, or be satisfied with superficiality, where profound knowledge is both possible and necessary. It may substitute the mere glitter for the substance of things. It may throw its possessor from the even frame of life into the wild storms of human passion, and relentlessly goad him on from misfortune and disgrace to ruin and destruction. By one tremendous effort, soon flagged, it may exhaust its strength. It may soar to dangerous heights or throw itself into the wildest excesses. The fiery imagination may be kindled either by the temperament, or by one of the passions, or by a great idea. In the first instance it acts more uniformly and

possesses the power of self-restraint; in the second, it falls back upon the passion and goads it on beyond control; and in the third, it throws its possessor into a momentary transport of delight, and leads him to form grand but often chimerical plans, the execution of which becomes almost impossible. Hence the intrinsic worth of that idea is to be sought, in order to guard against error and bring it into harmony with the grand purpose of life.

A fiery fancy is never to be guarded with greater watchfulness than during the period of youth. Here its fire blazes the strongest and receives the most dangerous nourishment; here it often spreads with wonderful rapidity, laying waste the fairest garden of hope and virtue. The noblest and tenderest feelings are often consumed by the fire of a wild fancy. The study of such sciences which demand the attention of reason; the reading of such books that lead to reflection; the habit of thoroughly investigating and proving all things; the careful culture of the moral faculties, and a careful preparation for the fulfillment of life's mission—these are the surest means of preventing such disastrous consequences—means, the application of which is often required, even in later years, to check a too strong imagination and establish a solid and evenly-balanced character.

A strong imagination needs little assistance from without. Having, indeed, derived its material and first incitement to activity from the senses or from experience, it forms its own world and moves firmly and freely in it. Once cut loose from the senses or experience, it soars, and lives, and acts above them, and infuses its life and strength into its grand and wonderful creations; while a weak imagination must ever recur to the senses for material, and yet accomplish little or nothing. Men of strong imagination are able to grasp and consider, from all sides, great ideas, and apply them to the grand purpose of life. A strong imagination is necessary to aid reason whenever important changes in the existing state of affairs are to be effected or great reforms inaugurated. But at the same time the other faculties of the mind should be equally well developed. Without this, a strong imagination leads to empty speculations or fantastic dreams. Woe to that man whose bodily and mental enervation, superinduced by excessive luxury, has produced an unnatural strength of the imagination! It is deficient of genuine life, and will, after a few spasmodic efforts, soon become torpid.

The imagination becomes bold when in its strength it transcends every limit set by the reality of things. It scorns the narrow rule

by which the senses or experience furnish it with materials for its activity. It recognizes only those laws that arise from the highest power of man and from the idea of the infinite. Although reason is unable to follow its bold flights, because more or less fettered by the senses, yet it in turn exercises constantly a tutorship over it. It delights continually to revel in the idea of the infinite, although conscious of its inability to grasp it.

A bold imagination may either lacerate the heart through a gloomy disposition, or elevate the spirit by means of a cheerful frame of mind. To the artist, when regulated and inspired by his own genius, it is of great service in forming grand and beautiful combinations. It becomes disorderly and destructive when it is the pliant tool of low and corrupt passions. Under their control it revels in regions either of voluptuous pleasures or of horrible woes. It not only contemns the law of experience—that is, the law by which knowledge ordinarily is acquired—but also the cultivation of the intellect. Through its influence true faith degenerates into superstition, and zeal into fanaticism. In every department of life it causes disorder and ruin. It robs the soul of its strength, the mind of its symmetry, the character of its firmness, and eventually brings about a general wreck of man.

IV. *Lastly, we may be permitted to mark a few rules for the government of the imagination.*

1. *We should take care not to allow the imagination to exercise too great an influence over the affairs of life.* It should be kept under the strict control both of reason and virtue. Guided by reason it may invest the actual state of affairs with an ideal beauty sufficient to awaken a lively interest in their management. But nevertheless we should view the world, with its wants, just as it is, and not as it appears in the decorations of a brilliant fancy. We must not allow the materials that constitute the actual economy of the world to rise up to fancy's sight in fictitious forms, which it can not disenchant into plain reality; but we must go about with sober, rational inspection, and ascertain the true nature and value of all things around us. We must examine with careful minuteness the real condition of affairs, and not be content with ignorance of it, because environed with something more delicious than such knowledge in the paradise which imagination creates. There every thing is beautiful and noble as could be desired to form the residence of an angel. "If a tenth part of the felicities that have been enjoyed, the great

actions that have been performed, the beneficent institutions that have been established, and the beautiful objects that have been seen in that happy region, could have been imparted into this terrestrial place—what a delightful thing it would have been to awake each morning to see such a world once more!"

Once in the habit of being guided by the imagination rather than by reason, we shall sooner or later wake up to sad disappointments and bitter experiences. Neither our own condition nor that of the world will thereby be improved. But, on the other hand, we shall see the pillars of our support and contentment gradually crumbling from beneath us, leaving us an easy prey to incurable melancholy and utter hopelessness. Hence reason and imagination should cooperate and balance each other in the affairs of life, and improvement and success will be secured.

2. *In the regions of thought and reflection also the imagination should sustain only a co-ordinate if not subordinate relation.* It is the business of the intellect to discover and elaborate truth, so as to become a part of the furniture of the mind. It is the business of the imagination to arrange, combine, and reproduce in true pictures what the intellect furnishes. If in the process of thought we allow the imagination to be supreme, instead of clear conceptions we shall have only indistinct images, confused impressions, and dim outlines of things. We then believe we *understand* them, while we have only crude notions concerning them; we imagine that we are *thinking*, while we are only dreaming. Clear conceptions alone lead to genuine wisdom and consequent right action. The evidence that we possess true wisdom and knowledge is the power to analyze and communicate it to others. Whatever has been thoroughly studied can be intelligibly communicated. To say, "I feel how or what a thing is, but I can not describe it," is generally an evidence that one is given to reveries.

3. *We should carefully avoid reverie, or castle-building.* This is a kind of waking dream, and does not differ from dreaming except by the consciousness which accompanies it. "In this state the mind abandons itself, without a choice of subject, without control over the mental train, to the involuntary associations of the imagination. The mind is thus properly occupied without being properly active; it is active, at least without effort. Young persons, women, the old, the unemployed, and the idle, are all disposed to reverie. There is a pleasure attached to its illusions which renders it as seductive as it is dangerous. The mind, by in-

dulgence in this dissipation, becomes enervated; it acquires the habit of a pleasing idleness, loses its activity, and at length even the power and the desire of action." (Sir W. Hamilton.)

4. *Not less carefully should we avoid every one-sided tendency of the imagination.* If we allow our fancy to follow some particular train of thought—to which it is so easily inclined—to the exclusion of all others, the harmony of the intellectual faculties becomes disturbed and the clearness of the understanding dimmed. All other intellectual pursuits are rejected; the mind recurs constantly to the favorite idea and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever it is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish. The symmetrical development of the mind requires fancy to collect and assist reason to elaborate whatever of the true, the beautiful, and the good the various departments of life may furnish.

5. *Finally, the imagination should be strictly kept pure from whatever is immoral and polluting.* No impure picture or thought should ever be allowed to make the least impression upon the fancy. Let it never dally with sin in any of its fascinating forms. Sin is not so sweet as fancy represents it. Bitter anguish, woe, and ruin are its inevitable consequence. Whoever desires to preserve a pure heart must carefully watch the workings of his imagination and quickly suppress what conscience condemns. Only the pure in heart shall see God.

WEALTH.

EXCESSIVE wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell, and never puts it out, but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation; who looks upon his fellow-creatures, not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he to be their lord; as if they were made for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement; such a man may be rich, but trust me, he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in a fortune, a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that; and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow-men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the faint and weary pilgrim.

"AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

BY AVANHELLE L. HOLMES.

"We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light."

IT had been raining all day. The heavy clouds covered the face of the weeping sky, as we have seen a mourning vail drawn closely over a pale, hushed, tearful face to hide its darkness and gloom from the gaze of the world. All day long the murmur of the rain-drops on the shingles had crept like a sweet undersong into our hearts, and more than once as some voice had broken out in that pretty song—"The rain on the roof," we had echoed the lines:

"Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart."

But now just as the day was dying, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, the clouds suddenly parted and the sunlight broke through, soft and tremulous at first, as if afraid to trust itself amid so much gloom, then clear, strong, and full, it grew brighter, and deepened, and widened into a glorious flood of radiance that lighted up all the hills and forests and made the whole earth beautiful.

The rain-drops glittered like gems on the leaves and flowers, the tendrils of the vines looked as if strung with pearls, and the landscape seemed radiant with light and beauty. The clouds, lately so gloomy and dark, were tipped with gold and flecked with crimson, and far in the east lifting its arch against them was a rainbow.

I opened the window, and, leaning out, broke a spray from a bush of white roses that grew beneath it, and held it up a moment all gleaming with pearly drops, then laid it gently in the lap of our sweet guest, dear Mary Bayne, as she sat in the great easy chair with her pale face resting against the cushions, and her brown eyes gazing away through the window at the glory of the sunset.

"What are you dreaming of now, Mary?" I asked as I made my offering.

"I'm not dreaming, Kate; I am thinking of that sweet promise—'At evening-time it shall be light.' This day has been dark and clouded as many a life is, and now at evening it is light

as the evening of many a life is. O, Kate, I love that hymn beginning—

'We journey through a vale of tears.'"

She paused a moment, then sang it softly through with a fervor and pathos that nearly melted my cold heart. I shall never forget the expression of her face as she sang the last verse. She looked as if she had caught a gleam of the light that is veiled to mortal eyes. She spoke to me fervently:

"O, Kate, that hymn has comforted me so many, many times when life has seemed all cloudy and dark to me!"

"Have you been in the shadows, Mary?" I asked surprised, for I did not know her past history, and she was always so serene and peaceful that I, thoughtless and careless as I was, never dreamed that she had suffered. A shade crept over her face and the sweet lips grew so hard with pain that I wished that I had not asked the question. But she answered calmly soon:

"Yes, dear Kate, and may God grant that they may not be so dark to you as they have been to me! I have known many sorrows, Kate, and have lived to see all my nearest and dearest friends laid in the tomb."

"O, Mary, and you so young!"

"Yes, dear; shall I tell you about it? I feel like talking of the past this evening, and may be some time if you have trials like mine it will strengthen you to know who my Helper is."

"Tell me, Mary dear," I answered softly, as I sat down on a low seat beside her and laid my head in her lap.

A beam of parting sunlight crept in and lay on my cheek. I felt it there, but it was not that which touched my heart. A tear fell upon my face and Mary's white hand rested tremblingly on my hair.

"Dear Kate," she said, hugging me close to her heart, "you remind me so often of my only sister—my darling, idolized sister."

Her voice faltered and grew husky and choked, but in a few minutes she controlled it and went on.

"She was younger than I, and after our parents died she was my dearest care. She had the same dark, wavy hair, the same clear, hazel eyes, the same merry smile and happy manners and disposition that you have, dear, and she used to come and nestle at my feet in this way, and lay her head in my lap while she told me all her plans for the future. O, I loved her so! I watched the unfolding of her sweet womanhood, watched her when she first dreamed of

love, and watched her when she died of a broken heart."

"Tell me about her, Mary," I said, and thought of the cloud that seemed threatening me, and wondered if I should die of a broken heart.

"It is a short, sad, sad story. She loved and her love was trifled with. The man who sought and won it cast it aside after a time and left her only a darkened life. But she inherited my mother's frail constitution, and the hereditary disease of her family, consumption, and when this blow fell on her, she drooped and faded, and her young life seemed wholly crushed. She lingered a few months, growing dearer and lovelier to the last, and one evening, just such a one as this, she begged to be drawn to the window to see the sun set. The light rested like a glory upon her fair, pale brow, and just as the last rays were trembling across the hills she closed her eyes, murmured softly, 'I see the other shore, and it is not far across—the boat is waiting—good-by!' and went away to be with the angels."

She paused a little time and our tears fell together for that sweet, wasted life. Then she went on again.

"After that we three, my two brothers and I, lived on together in the old home. They were older than I, and loved me dearly. I think that they feared that they would lose me too, and so they guarded me tenderly, and spared no pains to make me happy and contented. But all their tenderness could not have comforted me if I had not known of a surer comfort, that which is found in the love of God. I had long before learned to look to my Heavenly Father for all things, and in this sorrow I knew where to go. O, Kate, it was sweet to feel that I had only to reach out my hand amid the darkness of that hour and my Father was ready to lead me safely on, and his promises told me that it should not always be dark.

"But soon another drop was added to my cup of woe. My eldest brother, who had never been strong, contracted a cold by exposure, and in one short year after my sister died we laid him beside her, the victim of our hereditary disease. It was terrible, terrible, this new sorrow, for I had so leaned on him, had so depended on him, that it seemed as if one of the stays of my life was gone. But Fred was left to me, and God was left to me, and I still had something to live for. That was five years ago.

"Four years ago I learned to love. O, it was sweet to feel that even here on this sad earth there was yet a gleam of joy for me; and for a few months I cherished my love-dream as

a miser might his gold. But there was war in the land, and the man whom I loved was true to his country and her flag. And my brother, too, my only living brother said to me, 'Mary, dear, if you could spare me I would not stand here idle in this hour of my country's need.' I saw how his heart was throbbing with noble patriotism, and I went away to my chamber, creeping along like a stricken thing, only saying to him, 'Wait a little.' I went to my Father with it and gave all my care to him, and when I grew stronger and braver I went down to my brother and gave him to his country and to God.

"And they went away together—the man whom I loved next to God and my country, and the young brother who was all I had. They went away and I never saw them again, never! True, they brought my brother home from the hospital, where his young life went out, but they brought him in his coffin, and when they carried him over the threshold of the home that he had left desolate, I was not conscious of the loss that I had sustained, for the sight of the hearse that brought his remains from the cars scared the life from my bosom, and I was insensible to grief. So they took him away and laid him beside the others whom I had lost, and I lay at the brink of the river of death for many days, yet did not cross.

"When I came back to a consciousness of grief they told me how he had died, and then they told me another tale of a battle-field and an unmarked grave that held some one's darling, and I knew whose it was. Life was very dark to me after that for many months, but the power of the love of God upheld me and I did not sink. I felt that the parting would not be long.

"It will not be long now till I shall be at home, and O, Kate, as the short day of my life closes down, I can truly say that 'it is light.' You have grown very dear to me since I have been among you. I came here to pay a last visit to the mother of him whom I loved, and I have made many dear friends among strangers, whom I hope to know in the better land. And you, Kate, dear Kate, so like my angel sister, I love you dearly! Will you meet me beyond the river? Shall the friendship begun here below become stronger and dearer up there? Promise me, Kate, that you will seek the favor of God and learn to trust him before the shadows come."

"O, Mary," I sobbed, all melted down, "I will try to be good!"

"Thank God, Kate!"

"But, Mary dear, you must not talk of dy-

ing; you are so young to die. You will get well and be happy yet, I hope."

"No, Kate, I shall never be well here. I grow weaker day by day, and I know that I am getting very near home. There are five graves on the hill-side and one in the far South, and well I know that very soon the seventh will be made. But I'm not afraid to die; it is only going to sleep, and I shall awake in heaven."

She ceased speaking, and we sat very still for many minutes, and then I arose to light the lamps, and left her sitting there singing softly to herself—

"When tempest-clouds are dark on high
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly from the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease."

She left us in a few days to return to her distant home, and soon I received a letter from her. It was full of trust and peace, and read thus:

"*My Dear Friend*,—You can not know how calm and happy I am in these my last days. It is beautiful to feel that I am getting so near home. I know that I shall soon be at rest, and that I shall see and know the friends who are waiting for me in heaven. I think often of our talk that evening after the rain, and of the promise that you gave me then. God help you to keep it, Kate; for you know not what life may bring to you, and even if the morning and the noon be bright, the shadows may settle down darkly at even if you have not the light that comes from God to make it bright. But O, Kate, if you have that light, it matters not how dark the day may be, there will be light at even.

"I am growing weaker daily and am now unable to leave my couch, but I am proving the truth of those beautiful lines,

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

"These may be the last lines that you will ever receive from my pen. If so, you will know that I am safe with my Father, where there is no sorrow, neither any sighing, but where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes.

"As a token of my remembrance I send you Jennie's picture and a lock of her hair. Lay them beside mine, and when you look at them remember her who loved you. You will see that the hair is like yours, and that the eyes too resemble your own. Ah! I pray that you may not be like her in suffering. You are just as old as she was when she died. God grant you a longer and a happier life.

"I can write no more, for I am too weak. When this reaches you I may be at home with all my loved ones. Give one tear to my memory and try to meet me over the river. Strive to work for God—to live so that the world shall be better for your having lived in it. May God bless you with the choicest blessings that Heaven can bestow! May all the joys that I once hoped would be mine be yours! But O, above all, may you feel in the evening of life that the love and presence of God can make it light, is the prayer of
MARY BAYNE."

I wept many tears over this letter, and I vowed that, God helping me, I would meet her in heaven. A few days afterward I heard of her death. The mother of him whom she had loved was with her in that dying hour, and she told me how beautiful a scene it was.

She said that just at sunset Mary awoke from a deep sleep, and seeing that the sun was sinking she smiled and begged that they would sing her favorite hymn. They did so, and as the last line died away—"At eve it shall be light"—she clasped her hands and murmured, "Yes, it is light! it is light! but O, the light to be yet revealed! That will outshine it all. I'm almost home. I see the light in the window!"

She lay very still for a few moments with her eyes closed, then opening them and fixing them on some glorious scene she exclaimed, "The light! the light! I'm home!" and sinking back on her pillow closed her eyes and slept in Jesus.

They buried her in the graveyard beside the loved ones who slept there, and placed on her tombstone the simple inscription, "At evening-time it was light," and left her there at rest.

Since then I have learned to walk in the light, and I hope to meet her in the home to which I now have a title. I have had trials since then, and the shadows have sometimes settled darkly about my path; but the blow which fell upon me did not crush me, for I turned to Him from whom cometh help and realized the blessedness of having a Father.

It is beautiful to love God while the sunshine lasts, but O, it is blessed to have his arm to lean on when the tempest comes! It is sweet to know that he gives us all our mercies, but O, it is bliss to know that when trial and sorrow come, when clouds gather, when all earthly help fails, he is a sure refuge, a safe retreat, an invincible tower of strength, where we may flee and be safe.

"Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled—
At eve it shall be light."

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

ON the evening of the resurrection day, two disciples were journeying from Jerusalem to the village of Emmaus, situated somewhere in its immediate neighborhood. They were not of the twelve, and the name of only one of them is known to us. As they walked along the road, they conversed about the wondrous event which perplexed and distressed them. The death of Jesus as the Messiah was to them an inextricable riddle. It crossed all their previous beliefs, and seemed as a wall of adamant opposing all their hopes. His reported resurrection was if possible still more mysterious and irreconcilable with all that had been, or was ever likely to be. What did it mean? What was the truth about it? They knew not! All they knew was that nothing had happened according to their anticipations and hopes, although these were built apparently on the surest and most certain grounds. In the mean time they were going home utterly confused and cast down in spirit.

As they pursued their Sabbath journey, a stranger suddenly joined them and asked, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?" Then those simple men, amazed at the seeming ignorance of the stranger about matters with which the whole city was ringing, answered, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there, in these days?" And he, without declaring what he knew or did not know, but wishing to draw them out, the better to prepare their minds for what he had to impart, asked, "What things?" And they, thankful, I doubt not, to get out their hearts to any one who would hear their story, and thereby get some relief to their sorrow, told him concerning Jesus of Nazareth—how he was a prophet mighty in deed and in word before God and all the people—how the chief priests and the rulers of their own nation had delivered him to be condemned to death, and had crucified him—and how they themselves had up to that moment trusted that it was he who would redeem Israel. And now, strange to say, on this the third day after these things were done, certain women of their company had made them astonished, who had been early that morning at the sepulcher, and had not found his body, but said they had seen a vision of angels who declared that he was alive! nay, more, some of the company had gone to the sepulcher and had found it empty, even as the women had said.

Such was their simple story. And was it indeed all over with Jesus and Christianity? Was that living One extinguished? Had he reared false hopes which were never to be fulfilled, and kindled a love in human bosoms which was to be like an earthly affection only, a thing of memory till its object was met in another and purer world? Was all this marvelous history of the last three years—this history of wonders done before the living God and living men—a phantasm only, a delusion, a dream, ended amid wounds, and blood, and death on the hill of skulls, and of corruption in the rich man's tomb? O for light! but whence shall it arise?

On the first evening of Adam's life with what wonder must he have beheld the sun, which had filled the world with beauty and glory, suddenly sink in the west leaving thick darkness, which concealed all Eden from his eye? What were his thoughts and perplexities during that first midnight in human history? Whatever they were, they were all ended by the same heavenly luminary rising again, as a bridegroom from his couch of gold and curtains of every gorgeous hue, to pursue his course along the fields of the azure sky. Thus rose the great Son of Righteousness, the mighty Bridegroom of the Church, from the grave, bringing life and light from the most unexpected quarter, to his benighted and desponding people. "Blessed are they who wait for the Lord as those who watch for the morning!" This blessedness was experienced by the disciples; for it soon appeared that the mysterious Stranger was not ignorant of the things which had taken place in Jerusalem. Suddenly turning to his fellow-travelers, he uttered those strange words: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to have entered into his glory?" And then he appealed to those Old Testament Scriptures which we now possess, and opened them up to men who, as pious Jews, knew their letters at least, if they did not as yet understand their deeper teaching; and he showed how Moses, and the Psalms, and the prophets, by word, and type, and symbol, all spoke of Christ—all gave one testimony that he must suffer the very things which puzzled them—that he must have entered into his glory by the grave. Hence their very difficulties in believing Jesus to be the Messiah were turned into arguments in favor of it; the very things at which they stumbled, were just those things which ought to have happened if Jesus was what he announced himself to have been. Their hearts began to burn and glow with new hope and joy, as his words, like the very

breath of heaven, fanned the flame. Can it be that the death, burial, and resurrection of their beloved Jesus of Nazareth, were heaven's own signs of the Messiah for whom they and the nation had longed? O, glad thought! it seems too good to be true. Their hearts burn, but their lips are silent. One thing only they feel, an attachment to this stranger, a longing to know more about him, to hear more of his new truth from his lips, to have their doubts forever dispelled, and their faith confirmed in all they wished to be true.

And now they have reached their destination. The stranger made as if he would pass on; for he will again test their faith, and prepare them to receive the fullness of the blessing. Ah! they can not part from him; they must see more of him. He has been an unspeakable comfort to them in their sorrow, and so they constrain him, saying, "*Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*" Be our guest, share the hospitalities of our lowly home. "And he went in to tarry with them." The simple meal is spread, and all meet around the table. The stranger takes bread as if he were the head of the house, and "blessing it, he brake it, and gave it to them." The sign is thus given that the Living Bread is there—that it is not dead—that it has been offered for the life of the world, and "that whosoever eats of it shall never die." In the midst of this light of truth thus brought to their remembrance, Jesus revealed himself and vanished from their sight.

MY THREE HOMES.

BY MRS. L. D. CURTIS.

FAR away amid the mountains, stands a cottage small
and brown,
Where the sunlight loves to linger on the roof with
moss o'ergrown;
Where the shadows fall so gently, and the twilight gath-
ers deep,
Folding cottage, stream, and mountain in a calm and
holy sleep.
O, I love the pleasant visions that in mem'ry come to me,
For I've treasured up a picture of each hill, and rock,
and tree;
And to-night the sound of voices falls upon my ear
again,
And I catch the distant music of some old, familiar
strain.
But 't is strange! no childish laughter 'mid the old
woods echoes now,
While my mother's step is feeble, and deep lines are on
her brow.
And the dark-brown locks I parted from my father's
brow of yore,

Have grown thin from many Winters, and are thickly
silvered o'er.

Ah, how light and shade are blending in the picture, as
I gaze

Backward down life's changing vista to the scenes of
early days!

But a long, wide way divides us, and long years I know
may come,

Ere life's journey brings my footsteps to the dear old
childhood's home.

Where the grand old prairies widen, and the wild flow-
ers open fair,

There is many a home of beauty, and my own is nestling
there;

It is not the home of childhood, not a semblance can I
trace

Of the mountain, rock, or wild-wood, near the old fa-
miliar place.

But my life has grown more gladsome and a deeper joy
I've known,

Since another tie is added, and my heart is not alone.

There's new beauty in the landscape, softer music in the
breeze,

For the brightness of affection helps the soul to garner
these.

And now my blue-eyed baby like a bud of promise rare
Wakes new beauty in life's garden where before 't was
passing fair;

And I love to think the sunshine lighting up her golden
head,

Is an emblem of the brightness that shall on her path
be shed.

As I sit amid my treasures, and recall the buried years,
Giving now a smile of gladness, bathing oft some scene
in tears—

How my heart in fondness lingers where such blessed
mem'ries come,

Round the fireside and the altar, where I knelt so oft
at home!

O, I love to trace the record I have kept in mem'ry
long,

And to scan the treasured pictures that in all her cham-
bers throng.

Yet they tell me all is fading—friends my heart holds
dear to-day.

May, to-morrow, glide in silence to those dim old halls
away.

Ah, we've no abiding city, we are seeking one to come,
Where a house by hands not builded is our everlasting
home;

Where no night of sorrow darkens, and no eye is dim
with tears,

For a glory and a gladness marks the bright, unchang-
ing years.

There, when all life's scenes are o'er, may the circle
loved below,

In the olden home of childhood, and the home so pre-
cious now,

With unbroken links be gathered where no bitter part-
ings come,

And our earthly ties be strengthened in that brighter,
better home.

THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

NO subject of history is more fruitful of romance, more diversified by alternate success and defeat, more noted for daring and perilous adventure, than the early settlements of America. Spain, by right of discovery, claimed the New World, and sent out more than one expedition to it. Bands of men devoted to their Jesuit faith, unscrupulous what means they took to conquer the country, brave and sagacious in the warfare in which they were continually engaged, but utterly devoid of principle—seeking gold more than the establishing of their king's authority, and the conversion of the Indians—they were not the ones to form permanent and growing settlements on the new continent. They were wanderers, pursuing, amid dangers at whose recital the heart sickens, an Eldorado of fancy.

France, too, sent her colonists; adventurers like those of Spain, and of but little better quality—Huguenots seeking to escape persecution, but lacking the steady purpose and calm devotion, which a half century later made the Puritans successful; impoverished or restless nobles, piratical seamen, men whose patrimony was the sword; mixed, disorderly bands. The history of the attempts of the two countries to colonize and conquer the New World, of their warfare with the Indians, their fiercer struggles with the perils of the wilderness—heat, starvation, and sickness—and, withal, the collisions between the two nations, form a chapter dark with crime and bloodshed. Yet no theme has more absorbing interest; and seeing how little has been done in this field, we give a cordial welcome to Mr. Parkman's volume, "Pioneers of France in the New World."

In the Introduction the writer says that he has, he thinks, "exhausted the existing material on every subject treated." He has done far more than this. Only those who know what the labor of a historian, searching for truth among the forgotten, incomplete, and sometimes unreliable records of a past age, and from these rough materials bringing a perfect and beautiful whole, is, can appreciate Mr. Parkman's work. The disadvantages of his position were great. In his own words, "During the past eighteen years the state of his health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it, at best, within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. A condition of sight, arising from kindred causes, has also retarded

the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for more than five minutes, and often not at all." Laboring under these difficulties, Mr. Parkman has produced a valuable and deeply-interesting history of the early French explorations and settlements in America.

The true historian, in relating the story of this, or indeed of any time, must tell more than the bare events. He must investigate motives; must know the manners and customs, the social and political intrigues of the age; the character of the leaders, and those led. He must, in a manner, identify himself with the persons described. For this Mr. Parkman is well fitted. A wide traveler, he has crossed the Rocky Mountains by the war-path of the Indians, penetrated beyond the bounds of civilization on the northern coast, and, with only the path of the savage to guide him, has entered wildernesses yet untouched by man. He has lived, in part, with the Indians, has studied their character and ways, and, knowing them thoroughly, views them, not in the sickly light of romance, but with the calmness of a cultured and Christian man. He knows, too, the secrets of forest life, and, as in the part of history he has chosen we are led directly away from courts and civilization into unknown wildernesses, by this knowledge, his pages are rendered doubly interesting. His diction is elevated and impressive, and he has the power of concentrating into brief and brilliant sentences facts it has taken no little time to learn. In nothing does he rely upon his fancy. His most brilliant descriptions are copied from nature; his most dramatic situations are a transcript of the real. Around the bare and horrible record of murder, treachery, and suffering, he has thrown the interest of romance. His heroes seem almost living; the scenes described are present to the eye, and the skeleton of fact, in his hands, becomes endued with life.

Mingled with the adventures of the French and Spanish are descriptions of the country through which they passed; descriptions which, in reading, seem more like the pictures of fancy than reality. The wilderness is no strange ground to his feet. Its wonders of tree and flower, its silvery rivers, its broad savannas, its tropical wealth of verdure, are all known to him; and, to a philosopher, vivid and terrible is the contrast between these beautiful, virgin solitudes and the men who came to them. In the heat of Summer one might shiver over his description of a Canadian Winter; in the cold of December have pictures of tropical warmth and beauty by opening to the story

of adventure in Florida. And this power of description, this ability of taking into his historical picture the splendors of nature; this seeing not men, merely, but the things that surround them; the wan moon hanging over the still river up which go the voyagers; the cool woods opened to receive their hot feet; the glory of sunrise and sunset, we hold one of Mr. Parkman's excellencies. It brings before us the place and time, and renders the scene much more real.

It would be impossible—and perhaps, also, unnecessary—to give any abstract of this book. So mixed in their character are the events of which it treats, so slight the things on which the destiny of the colonies seem to turn, that it would be hard to give any clear and brief analysis of them. Yet of one or two of the characters we can speak; a few of these brilliant historical pictures can be mentioned.

In the Introduction Mr. Parkman briefly contrasts the progress of France and England in the New World. "The growth of New England was a result of the aggregate efforts of a busy multitude, each in his narrow circle toiling for himself to gather competence or wealth. The expansion of New France was the achievement of a giant ambition, striving to grasp a continent." "New France was all head;" "New England a body without a head." He then briefly gives the history of the first Spanish adventurers in the New World: Ponce de Leon, Garay, Vasquez de Ayllon, Narvaez, De Soto, and Canello. The expeditions very nearly repeat the same story. A voyage and landing made with much pomp and the highest hopes, a march into the wilderness, great suffering, in most cases the death of the leaders, and the bones of half the company left bleaching in the unknown land; the return to Europe of the broken and despairing remnant. In spite of the Pope's grant of America to Spain; in spite of her attempts to occupy it, the French were destined first to found colonies in Florida.

In the middle of the sixteenth century France was full of a "discordant and struggling vitality." Ruled by Catherine de Medicis, a woman unrivaled in duplicity; with nobles, priests, and bishops, seeking only their own advancement and pleasure; the dukes of Guise heading the Catholic party, Conde and Navarre leaning toward the new religion, and the queen standing between the two; amid all this the reformation was slowly progressing, and fagot and torture were powerless to put it down. Among its leaders, the firmest, truest man of Catherine's court, was Gaspar de Coligny, and it was through him that the first Huguenot settle-

ments in America were made. Three expeditions were sent out. The first was under the command of Villegagnon, a man of wonderful intellect and bravery, but vain, ambitious, and lacking in judgment. Leaning partly to the Reform, he yet belonged to the priestly order. A Jesuit with Jesuits, a Huguenot with Huguenots, he dilated to the king on the glory of conquering the fair land, and converting its heathen inhabitants, and to Coligny pictured an asylum for the reformers in the New World. In the name of the king two vessels were prepared. The emigrants were principally Huguenots, but there were not a few ambitious noblemen and piratical sailors. In November, 1555, they entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro, then called Ganabara, built a fort, and established a colony. Reinforcements came, and, for a time, all went well. Then Villegagnon became involved with the Huguenot ministers in discussions on points of doctrine. Finally he renounced the new religion to adopt one of his own make, drove the ministers from the island, and soon after sailed back to Europe. Left to itself, the little colony struggled on for a time; but before the end of 1558 it was attacked by the Portuguese and destroyed.

Another expedition followed in 1562, commanded by a seaman of tact and experience named Jean Ribaut. They entered the St. John's River, and, delighted with the aspect of the country, built a fort there. Ribaut sailed back to France, leaving there some thirty men. The colony were attacked by famine, and its members resolved to return to their native land. With great labor they built a small brigantine, placed on it their supply of provisions, and sailed. They were becalmed, and so nearly starved that they killed and ate one of their number; and, when within sight of France, were captured by an English vessel and carried to Elizabeth.

Two years later a third expedition—started as before by Coligny—was sent. The command was given to Rene de Laudonniere. They sailed, as the other party had, to the St. John, and five miles up the river built a fort called, in honor of their king, Fort Caroline. Two of the ships sailed back to France, a third remained. Then came revolt; the rude, mixed materials of which the colony was composed could not readily be reduced to submission. Plots against Laudonniere's life were formed; and in the track of revolt came famine. The Indians once friends were now enemies, and refused to furnish them supplies. The garrison was half starved, when, in August, relief came in the ships of Sir John Hawkins, the father

of the English slave-trade. The colonists had already resolved to return to France, and he offered them one of his ships for the voyage. Laudonniere accepted, and paid for it with the cannon of the fort. The generous slaver also supplied them with provisions for the passage. While, having prepared to depart, the colonists were waiting for fair winds, another squadron approached. It was Jean Ribaut, bringing with him reinforcements and provisions. The new colonists were landed, tents were pitched, and the borders of the St. John were crowded with busy life. And just when all seemed most prosperous came the greatest blow of all—the collision between French and Spanish, Huguenot and Catholic.

The leader of the Spanish expedition, which founded St. Augustine and destroyed Fort Caroline, was Menendez. His early life had been wild; his tastes were for an adventurous career, and the New World seemed the appropriate field for his talents and ambition. A devout Catholic, he considered the destruction of the Huguenots and conversion of the Indians a pious duty. In 1592, with eleven ships in his command, he sailed for Florida. His commission from the king made him *Adelantado*, with sole dominion over the country he should conquer. The expedition was at his own cost, and it was expected that the settlement of the Huguenots on the St. John would be destroyed.

Off the coast of Florida he encountered Ribaut's fleet, but no battle taking place, he sailed farther south, and founded St. Augustine. From here he marched with five hundred men to attack Fort Caroline. It was unprotected, for Ribaut had sailed away with his fleet, hoping to meet and conquer the enemy on the sea. At the time no assault was expected, Laudonniere was sick, and no guards were placed round the fort. The way was clear for the Spaniards, and the gray dawn of the 19th of September saw, at Fort Caroline, a most horrible massacre. The surprised and defenseless garrison begged in vain for mercy; Menendez spared none, and on the trees beneath which he had slaughtered his victims he placed an inscription, saying that he killed them, "not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics." A few—Laudonniere among the number—escaped to the woods, and finding their way to shore were picked up by a vessel belonging to the fleet, and after a hard voyage reached Europe.

The massacre of Fort Caroline, however, was not the only deed of blood performed by Menendez. The ships of Ribaut, tossed about in a tempest of remarkable fury, were, at length, cast upon shore, and the crews, companies of

sick and starving men, started for Fort Caroline, of whose fate they were ignorant. One of the parties, numbering between one and two hundred, having encamped on shore, Menendez marched against them. By fair promises he induced them to surrender themselves to him. Their arms were taken away, their hands tied, they were marched into the woods and murdered. The next day the Indians came to Menendez, saying that a larger party were encamped where the other had been. As before, the Spaniard ambushed his men, and met the French courteously. As before, by promises of safe treatment, he enticed them into his power. Then the butchery of the day before was repeated. To this party belonged Ribaut.

Such were the details of this horrible massacre; "a picture dark and lurid in its coloring." Menendez sent a full account to Philip of Spain. "Say to him," was the king's answer, "that he has done well."

When the massacre became known in France, the friends and relatives of the victims sent to Charles IX a petition for redress; but the weak king gave no answer to the Huguenot cry for vengeance. To the energy of a private gentleman, Dominique de Gourgues, the avenging of Fort Caroline was due. By the sale of his ancient inheritance he raised money sufficient to equip three small vessels. Keeping his real purpose from his followers he sailed; then, when off the coast of Cuba, revealed his plans, and by his fiery eloquence persuaded his men to make the attempt. He sailed up the St. Mary's, and finding the Indians hostile to the Spaniards, joined a large body of them to his force. With great difficulty they struggled through the swamp, and succeeded in surprising the garrison. Then Fort Caroline was avenged. The few who escaped the blows of the Indians and the swords of the French were hung on the trees beneath which Menendez had slain his victims; and over them the inscription was burnt into a tablet of pine, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."

Gourgues's mission was accomplished, and having destroyed the fort he sailed back to France. His vengeance, however, was not complete. Menendez, instigator and leader of the massacre, was spared—spared to rise higher in the favor of the Spanish court, and at the age of fifty-five to die quietly, crowned with honors, and soothed by the consolations of the religion whose opponents he had murdered.

With the account of Gourgues's vengeance the first part of Mr. Parkman's volume closes. It is a problem for the believer in Providence to

solve, of what possible good these early struggles were; what result all this blood and suffering brought to the New World. All we can say is, that it was but a repetition on the new continent of the struggle then going on in the old.

Failures as these first settlements were, it, perhaps, becomes us to inquire the reasons why they did not succeed. The Huguenots came to the New World seeking an Eldorado of hope. The enchantment of mystery which hung over the unknown land was one of its chief attractions. They were gold-seekers. They sought a home in the New World not for refuge alone, but for its supposed wealth of treasure; and there is no more terrible illustration of the truth of Christ's saying, "Ye can not serve both God and mammon," than their failure. Their companies were mixed; of persons utterly devoted to the reformed faith, there were few. A part of their force had been taken from prisons, and were little disposed to submit to authority. There were no tillers of the soil, and so starvation and revolt continually assailed them.

A half century later the Puritans came. The dreams of fancy were over now. They came not for wealth or honor, but for a home. They fled from persecution, and, in their eyes, the perils of the wilderness, the wars with savage tribes, the sickness and starvation, were better than the ignominy that awaited them in Europe. They came, not to the sunny slopes of Florida, but to the ice-crusts of Plymouth; but their faith was too firm to be shaken by storm and trial. But no high faith sustained the Huguenots in their lonely home. They had expected ease and plenty; they found danger and death. The blue line of the sea, the tropical woods, the rude savages, of all these they tired easily, and, unlike the Puritans, who, in every disaster, still clung to New England, the haven of their hopes was France. Had there been among the Huguenots the stern martyr-spirit which inspired the settlers of New England; had there been their singleness of purpose, their entire devotion to one cause, they might have succeeded. Yet even for the Puritans France was destined to be the pioneer. In the words of our author, "Long before the ice-crusts of Plymouth had listened to the rugged psalmody of the Puritans, the solitudes of Western New York and the shadowy wilderness of Lake Huron were trodden by the iron heel of the soldier, and the sandaled foot of the Franciscan friar." The impress of ideas upon our institutions was reserved for later immigrants and for other peoples.

CROSSES.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

BELOVED, bind your sandals to your feet;
For, lo! your pathway lieth thro' the dark;
No more from banks of daisies, white and sweet,
You chase the gleeful lark.
Pluck off the fuchsias from your breast, unthread
From raven braids their petals' scentless red,
And plait among them passion flowers instead,
The emblems of His passion and ascension—
Your peans to inspire,
Till, like a fragile lyre
Swept by some great chord, at its utmost tension,
In rapture you expire.
Ah! linger not, dear heart; look back no more
Upon the fields with amber flowers sprent;
Let pink-lipped shells lie moaning on the shore,
From naids' caverns rent
By storm-lashed waters; let the sunbeams throw
Their golden ingots through the birches low;
Let thyme, uncropt, in sloping meadows grow,
For life to you is full of deeper meaning;
Some mortal faints with grief,
Some tried heart needs relief—
God's harvest-field is ready for the gleaming,
O, haste, and bind your sheaf!
I would not have you listen lovers' lays,
Nor were it well to fling the arid noons
Of mortal love upon your peaceful days;
They brighten poet's runes,
But drain the springs of life with fervid heat;
No more to honeyed words your pulses beat,
No longer on your lips love's wine is sweet,
With witching reveries your young life flushing—
Gone is that Summer-time,
The trees are white with rime,
And all those heights Aurora's wing is brushing
Are yet to climb.
O! yes, 't were easier to fold a palm
Beneath a bloodless cheek, to lie so still
Below the myrtles, in some church-yard calm,
That you might hear the trill
Of any bird that carols to its mate.
But, love, He wills that you shall work and wait—
Sometime to stand uncrowned without the gate—
To muffled echoes of its hymns to listen;
One moment death will blight
Your poor life's murky light;
The next heaven's thrones and palaces will glisten
Before your spirit's sight.
Fear not, for there is One doth hold your hand;
Grieve not, His love is yet more strong than death,
More sweet than life; alone you do not stand,
He hears your lightest breath!
Ascend the trackless cliffs that round you close,
And dip your bleeding feet in cooling snows;
Behind them glows the dawn's unfolding rose—
Not far from thence life's portals lie asunder,
Across whose threshold brought,
When to His image wrought,
You will not pause to question, or to wonder
That joy was dearly bought!

THE POWER OF PARDON.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

THERE be those who allege that the doctrine of pardon and of supreme dependence upon God, by locating the main work above us, and assuring us that, "whatever may be the turpitude of our conduct, we may at any time at once secure complete immunity from the consequences of the same," is calculated to indispose men to act for themselves, and, by leaving Christian believers only passive recipients of salvation, instead of energetic doers, working it out, to turn redemption into a temptation to idleness. Now, whatever color of plausibility such an objection may have taken from extravagant and one-sided representations, the view as it opens from the New Testament offers no practical room for the charge, while the best philosophy, all the dictates of experience take sides, manifestly, with Revelation. Let any heart *really feel* that a great *sacrifice of love* has been undergone for it, and must it not, by a mighty necessity, give back the service of love in return; let it *really feel* that, for love's sake, and mercy's sake, much has been forgiven it, and will not a sense of gratitude and obligation bind that heart in affection and loyalty to the one thus forgiving? To maintain the opposite is, we insist, the worst libel human nature ever suffered yet. On the contrary, human nature, as it appears to us, is presented on its most attractive side when it is found to be striving for generous achievements quite as effectually out of the grateful sense of what has been done for it, as out of the more ambitious and Pharisaic hope of doing every thing for itself. There is, assuredly, no nobler order of souls than those who know how, without servility or sloth, to owe their best wealth to a hand above them, who feel that they first touch the top of their manhood when humbly accepting of unmerited favor at the hands of offended mercy.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "Here is — again. What *can* we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been *forgiven*." "FORGIVEN!" said the colonel. "Yes." After the colonel had reflected for a

few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable remarks, the colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment; the tears started from his eyes; he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant, and the others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won!

Thus who can not see that just in proportion to the joy of being set free from the frightful phantom of the old terror of judgment will be the joyous, spontaneous, free activity of the soul in accordance with all the higher laws of its being.

The following well-authenticated incident is worthy of permanent and conspicuous record as a striking and beautiful illustration of the power of pardon:

Julia Peters was born of respectable parents, and was carefully tended in her early years. Her mother was a prudent, religious-minded woman, but she died when Julia was but twelve years old. The father soon after took to drinking and gambling, and spent all the property he possessed. His daughter was thus brought into the midst of profligate associates, at an age when impulses are strong and the principles unformed. She led a vicious life for several years, and during a fit of intoxication married a worthless, dissipated fellow. When she was eighteen years old, she was imprisoned for the long term of fourteen years, for perjury. Naturally energetic, active, intelligent, the limitations of a prison had a worse effect upon her than they would have had on a more stolid temperament. In the course of a year or two her mind began to sink under the pressure, and finally exhibited signs of melancholy insanity. Soon after, becoming completely deranged, she was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale. Here, as she had been also while yet confined at the prison, she was visited by a good Samaritan, who was extremely desirous of bettering her condition, and, if possible, of working her reformation. Finding her in a temporary fit of rationality, and in a communicative mood, he entered into conversation with her. Her manners were quiet and easy, and

she appeared exceedingly glad to see him. While indulging with him and others in a walk through the grounds at the institution, the remark was made by one of the party, "How very pleasant!" Sighing deeply, she replied, "It is a pleasant place to those who can leave it. But chains are chains, though made of gold, and mine grow heavier every day."

As already intimated, her temperament was one that peculiarly required freedom, and in consequence, it constantly fretted and chafed under restraint. Her benevolent friend continued to visit her. Upon a certain occasion they were once more walking around the grounds already referred to, in his company. She opened her mind to him, told him frankly the whole history of her previous life, and wept bitterly over the retrospect of her erroneous course. It seemed a great relief to her to have some one to whom she could open her overburdened heart. She was occasionally incoherent, but the fresh air invigorated her, and the quiet talk soothed her perturbed feelings. At parting she said, "I thank you. I thought I had n't a friend in the world." Her bodily and mental health continued to improve, and in the course of five or six months her doctor allowed her to accompany her kind old friend to his city home, and spend a day and a night at his house. This change of scene was found so beneficial that the visit was repeated a few weeks after. Before Winter set in she was so far restored that she spent several days in his family, and conducted with the greatest propriety. He soon after applied to the governor for a pardon, which was readily granted.

Proceeding now to the asylum to bear to his convict-friend this joyful message, he engaged her in conversation first upon indifferent subjects for a few minutes, lest by too suddenly breaking this good news he should excite the poor creature unduly. So said he, "Julia, how would you like to go to the city again and spend a fortnight with us?" "Indeed, I would be delighted to do so," replied she. "Well, you shall go—and," added he, "perhaps you will stay longer than two weeks." At last he said, "Perhaps you will not have to return here at all." She sprang up instantly, and looking in his face with intense anxiety, she exclaimed, "Am I pardoned? Am I pardoned?" On being assured that she was, and that he had come to bring her home, she fell back into her seat, covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. Well might her faithful benefactor, in describing this interview in a letter to a friend, say that it was the most interesting scene he ever witnessed. "I had seen this

young and comely woman, who was endowed with more than common good sense, driven to the depths of despair by the intensity of her sufferings. I had seen her a raving maniac. Now I saw her sitting and clothed in her right mind. I had sympathized deeply with her sufferings, and now I partook largely of her joy."

And yet we are told that the only effect of pardon upon a sinner can be to offer a premium on licentiousness, to virtually pledge immunity from the past consequences of crime, or at best operate as a standing temptation to idleness. We are informed that, in reference to the woman referred to, the fond remembrance, ever-abiding consciousness, and profoundly-grateful sense of what had been done, suffered, and felt for her, served as a never-failing tower of strength on her behalf, after that she had once again started in her career of virtue. Now, who shall say that the same principle may not also inhere in a *religious* system?—that Christ, by becoming to us the *pity* and the *pardon* of the Father, may not serve, only on a higher plane, as a corresponding spring to excellence—a power to rouse the soul to earnest, heroic endeavor?

The annals of the society known as Friends, or Quakers, furnish one remarkable instance of the power of the forgiving spirit to overcome and break down a wicked, sin-enslaved heart.

William Savery was a tanner by trade, and remarked by all who knew him as a man who walked humbly with his God. One night a quantity of hides were taken from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom we will call John Smith. The next week the good people of that community were amused by the following unique advertisement in the columns of the country paper: "Whoever stole a lot of hides on the fifth of the present month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere desire to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep this whole transaction a secret, and would gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to obtain peace of mind."

This singular advertisement, as already intimated, attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith with a back load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up he said, "I have brought these hides back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can light a lantern, Mr. Smith, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied. "Then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell me all about how this thing happened; and we will see what can be done for thee." Meanwhile, as soon as they were gone out, his wife set about preparing some hot coffee, and placing some pie and meat on the table; so that when they returned she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would do thee good." Smith turned his back toward her but did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace for a moment he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole any thing and I feel very bad about it; I don't know how it is; I'm sure I did n't think once I should ever come to this. But I took to drinking and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving; you have sent them many a meal. God bless you! Yet I stole the hides from you, and meant to sell them the first chance I got. But I tell you the truth, when I say it was the first time I was ever a thief." "Let it be the last, my friend," replied good William Savery. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power fully to redeem the past. Promise me you will not drink any intoxicating drink for one year, and I will employ thee at good wages. Perhaps we may find some employment for thy family also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But sit by and eat a bit now; drink some hot coffee, etc., perhaps it may keep thee from craving any thing stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first, but keep up a brave heart; yes, for the sake of the wife, John, and the little children at home, keep up a brave heart, and thou wilt soon be all right."

The poor fellow sat down and tried to eat something, but in vain. He experienced a very uncomfortable choking sensation in the throat. Again he tried, but it was of no use. He must break down. And so after one or two ineffectual attempts to compose his excited feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. What, now, like this benevolent, merciful treatment could have thus knocked this poor, debased man's heart all to pieces, and made a sober, honest, faithful man of him all the rest of his days?

We submit, therefore, whether the facts of experience, and our knowledge of the constitution of the human mind, do not amply attest what is assumed by the Gospel: that there is

no spring to individual excellence; no power so calculated to warm and rouse the soul to earnest effort and heroic endeavor—to unspeakably strengthen goodness, encourage feeble resolution, redouble zeal, enliven our flagging hopes, bless and adorn the world with all the various and peaceable fruits of daily righteousness, like the feeling of the pure presence and personal intercession of the Divine Master; like the ineffable condescension of that tender, benign Redeemer, who left the glory on high, with a promise of pardon in his hand, for the bitterness of Gethsemane and the anguish of the cross.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY REV. SAMUEL DUNN.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." 2 KINGS IV, 26.

HERE we have a beautiful and instructive specimen of a mother's submission to God under a most afflictive dispensation. All the circumstances connected with the birth and death of this child were remarkable. Elisha, who resided at Carmel, in visiting the schools of the prophets at Bethel, having to pass through the town of Shunem, at the foot of Mount Tabor, was observed by a worthy woman, who, convinced that he was a holy man of God, said to her husband, "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." Elisha, in return for her kindness, offered to speak for her to Jehoram, the king, with whom he had some influence. She, perfectly contented with what she had, and where she lived, wanted no accession of wealth, honor, or grandeur. The prophet, as she had no children, prayed to God that she might have a son; and his prayer was answered. When the child was four or five years old, and in the harvest-field, he was taken ill, perhaps affected by a sun-stroke—was carried home, laid on his mother's knees, and at noon died. She ordered an ass to be saddled, and rode to Carmel. Elisha, on seeing her afar off, sent Gehazi, his servant, to meet her, and to ask, "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." But though she gave this remarkable answer, she showed evidence

Of her DISTRESS. She was "vexed" in spirit; grieved, pained. She had lost her child. One-half of the human race die early, so that the death of an infant is no uncommon occurrence.

Still it is an unlooked-for event. When we see a bud we expect it will expand into the flower. So the mother expects the bud she has carefully watched to open into bloom, beauty, and vigor; she cherishes enlarged expectations concerning it; perhaps saying to her husband, This shall comfort us in our work and toil of our hands. But how often is her expectation doomed to disappointment, and she heard exclaiming, "It is all over now, my child, my lovely child is dead—gone!" Only those who have been bereft can understand the sorrows of that mother's heart. Neighbors and others think it a matter of small importance, as the sainted Adam Clarke once said to the writer, who had lost a lovely babe, "It is easy to bury other people's children;" but not so with the mother, who brought the child into life at the risk of her own. She finds occasion of intensest anguish, where others see little cause for regret. Hers is grief with which a stranger does not intermeddle. You may tell her she ought to check her sorrow and close up the channels of her grief. You might as well advise her to withhold her smiles and caresses from a living child as repress her tears over one smitten by death. She replies,

"He talks to me that never had a son,
Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies on his bed, walks up and down with me,
And so I've reason to be fond of grief."

How deep must have been the anguish of Hetty, one of Wesley's talented sisters, when she wrote these exquisite lines on her dying child:

"Tender, softest infant mild;
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient luster, beauteous clay,
Smiling wonder of a day.
Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own."

A mother is not forbidden to mourn when her darling babe is snatched from her embrace by the cold hand of Death. Her tender compassion is taken for granted throughout the Bible. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" "They shall mourn as one that mourneth for an only son, and shall be in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for a first born." "Rachel weepeth for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not." This is perfectly natural; a principle implanted by God for important purposes. To yield to its due influence is not to degrade, but to en-

noble character. Religion does not destroy natural feelings, but moderates, refines, exalts them. A mother may feel keenly and weep bitterly and yet be resigned. The gracious designs of God might not be accomplished unless she felt. Distress for the child's death is intended to be beneficial to the mother. Sorrow is better than laughter, and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. Such a bereavement presses the mind to take refuge in God. When the prop is removed, trust is placed in him, and tenderer sympathy is felt for other mothers in like circumstances.

The remembrance of her child's *sufferings* may increase the mother's sorrow. What must this mother's feelings have been as she held her boy on her knees? And after he was gone, would she not think of his piteous cry, "My head, my head?"—of his imploring eyes, outstretched hands, quivering lips, heaving breath, and convulsive groan? Would not these return like arrows to her own bosom?

The loss of her child's *company* is a source of sorrow to the mother. His innocent prattle—this little boy had begun to talk—his fascinating smiles, expressive looks, advancing stature, opening intellect, amiable disposition, and engaging conduct, are all peculiarly pleasing to the mother; so when he dies there is a blank in the house; his place is desolate.

The child's death cuts off the mother's *expectations*. How natural to encourage hope that he will reward us for our pains, will share in our joys and sorrows, accompany us in our journey, assist us to bear the burdens of life, comfort us in our declining years, and honorably represent us when we are no more seen on earth. But my child is dead, wrapped in a shroud, screwed up in a coffin, laid in the silent grave, is an inhabitant of another world. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. Now observe

Her *SUBMISSION*—her confidence. She said, "It is well." Remarkable language under such heavy affliction. She had strong faith in God, and bowed to his authority; either believing that Elisha would raise her child, or that it was safe in heaven. She certainly would not have thought that her child was consigned to hopeless perdition. By faith in a gracious Providence she considered the dispensation neither unkind, unjust, nor unwise, and hence said, "It is well." To assuage the sorrow, strengthen the confidence, and cherish the comfort of the bereaved mother, I would remind her

That it is God who has taken the child. As creator, preserver, benefactor, and redeemer, he had an unquestionable right to do it, abso-

lutely, unchangeably, the child belonged to him, and was only lent to you. And now that he has recalled the child you should hear his voice, "Be still, and know that I am God;" like Aaron, "Hold your peace;" like Eli say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good;" and David, "I was dumb because thou didst it;" or like Job, when he was bereaved of all his children in one day, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Your child was born to die. You knew he was mortal, and that sooner or later you must part. Born in sin, the seeds of mortality were born with him, and he was under the sentence of death the moment he began to live. Had he been spared awhile it would only have been on sufferance. In his removal God was guided by infinite wisdom and righteousness.

Your child has answered the end of his existence on earth. All God's works praise him, from the elephant to the insect. So do little children, whether they live a year, a week, or a day. Short as was the stay of your babe, he was sent for some important purpose, and that purpose he fulfilled. His short-lived existence was not a blank, for God does nothing in vain. Living and dying your little one displayed the perfections and providence of God; illustrated his wisdom, power, and goodness; and his righteousness and faithfulness in letting the sentence of mortality take its course, and thus to teach you many salutary lessons. The death of an infant has often preached more powerfully to parents than all the sermons they had heard. In its little shroud it has taught "the wages of sin is death," and the effects have been seen in the future lives of both father and mother.

Your child is removed from all the troubles of this life. Had he lived, disease might have marred his comeliness and destroyed his vigor; accident might have mutilated his form, disabled him for labor, made him a burden to you and to himself, or he might have turned out dissolute and brought down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. You are now assured that he will never be a curse to society, nor disgrace his family, nor again be racked with pain; and that you will no more agonize over sufferings you can not soothe, nor hear groans you can not hush, nor behold with helpless grief the relentless messenger, Death, slowly but surely approaching to bear away the object of your tenderest pity and most ardent love. All this would be true were there no hereafter; but let me show

That all who die in infancy go to glory. Infants have no knowledge of the Divine law,

and so can not transgress it; hence can not be the object of its penalties. It is just to permit them to suffer for a short time here, and then reward them with eternal blessedness; but not to suffer here, and then in hell. But God is a God of love, and must, therefore, desire the happiness of all. Love seeks its object, pities its misery, and delights in its felicity, and can not consign infants to perdition. Provision must be made for their salvation, if his kind mercies are over all his works. On no principle of justice or mercy can infants be punished. They are not capable of future punishment. They could feel no remorse on account of sin; would not grieve for having despised authority and slighted mercy, for having trampled on the blood of Christ or done despite to the Holy Spirit; for they have not been guilty of such offenses. On them the second death would have no power. We appeal to Scripture. To Abraham it was said, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed." Children are represented as being in the covenant. Christ gave himself a ransom for all. Children are included. As they have not rejected the Savior, they must be saved. The following beautiful epitaph was placed on the tomb of four children:

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!

Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie:

Say, are they lost or saved?

If death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here;

If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.

Reason, ah, how depraved!

Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;

They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died."

Now look at Christ's conduct. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He took them up in his arms and blessed them. He declared, "It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish." And again, "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones;" and assigns this reason, "for there angels," or disembodied spirits, "do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The point, then, is settled—all children that have died are in heaven. Your child is there. Dry up thy tears, O Rachel, and turn thy mourning into praise. The little blossom that withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted to a better soil, where, under a brighter sun and watered with perennial streams, it shall bear immortal fruit; and will you mourn that the heavenly Gardener, who knew its delicacy, placed it where storms can never blight?

Your child is better provided for in heaven. You were anxious that he should be well in-

structed: he will grow more in wisdom in one hour there, than he could here in many years. That he should be neatly *clothed*: there he is arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. Suitably *fed*: he eats of the tree of life. That he should escape the company of the *impious*: there shall in no wise enter therein any thing that defileth, or that maketh a lie. That he should enjoy *good society*: he there mingles with saints and angels. That he should be usefully *employed*: he serves God day and night in his temple. That he should be *secure*: no enemy can enter there. Then, mother, lift your eyes to heaven and say, My child is there. Heaven is all the richer for your child; its anthems all the sweeter, louder, for your child. Delightful thought! and you will always have a child there. Years may have passed since he died; but you have still a living, lovely babe in heaven. He is perhaps this moment looking down on you and saying, O, mother, come up hither. Seek the full preparation, and you shall soon clasp him in the arms of affection: meet to part no more.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

KNEELING at his frequent prayers,
And invoking all the saints
To preserve him from all snares—
And to list his sad complaints—
A monk of old;
Conscious of his many sins,
Many thoughts from God apart;
Seeking for the faith that wins
Hope of heaven to contrite hearts,
And peace untold.

Reading of the temple's hight,
Of its length and breadth of stone,
And its golden altar bright,
And whose marvelous glory shone
On Solomon;
Calling Israel's tribes to prayer,
With confession of their guilt,
And their offerings, bringing there
All the lambs, whose blood there spilt
Might sins atone.

Sudden as electric shock
Thrilled the pulses of the man;
Though a hewer once of rock,
He conceived a wondrous plan
Of labor vast.

Dreamed he of the work at night,
Prayed for blessings all the day;
Sought the holy Church's light—
Light to lead him in the way
Of life at last.

Nourished by the brotherhood—
Anxious something to have wrought,
Which by coming ages viewed
Should be linked with them in thought—
He planned the pile.
Stone by stone the crypt was laid,
And the lengthened arches rose;
Weary time the arches staid,
Chis'ling gargoyles for the close
In richest style.

Hundreds labored day by day;
Hundreds toiled on year by year,
Craving scarce of earthly pay,
Only that the service here
Their souls might save.
Sculpture rare and altars grand,
Aisles where fell the crimsoned light;
Ceilings by groined arches spanned,
Echoing sound and holding sight
In raptured gaze.

Nameless maidens plied the steel,
Till the marble shone in grace,
Giving up their youth with zeal,
Trusting that the block's fair face
Might win on high.
Patiently the walls were reared,
Tower, and dome, and spire sublime;
White grew many a workman's beard,
Holding long the plummet line,
Then ceased—to die.

Time, nor war, nor chance have dared
Humble yet that temple's pride—
Sacredly its beauty spared.
Desolations far and wide—
Yet stood alone.
Gorgeously it glitters still,
World-wide is its lofty fame,
Grandly sweet its organ swell;
Monument for that lost name,
John, of Cologne.

THE RIVER'S LESSON.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

SOMETIMES, when evening shadows creep
Over the river, and bridge, and hill,
Round the trees in the vale below
Twining the fog-wreaths white and chill,
I wish that my life, wherever it be,
Under the willow or under the palm,
Might be like the river's in shade and sun,
Ever be tranquil, and brave, and calm.

Like the same proud river, bearing well
Heavy burdens on heart and arm;
Still having the will and the power to find
In sorrow a beauty, in toil a charm,
And see it, when barriers cross its way,
All the more cheerily singing along,
Till it makes for itself a way to the sea,
Gladdened at least by the light of song.

THE CEMETERY PERE LACHAISE.

BY MRS. CORA A. LACROIX.

A CEMETERY could hardly be more appropriately named—a city of the dead—than that of Père Lachaise, at Paris. Its flowers, and shrubbery, and graveled walks remind one well of the public gardens prepared for the benefit of the rich and poor among the living who throng the streets of to-day. It has its close-crowded quarter for the poor, where not only the abodes are pressed one against another, but where many families and parts of families are shut in by the same walls and covered by the same roof. It has its quarter for the Jews, distinct from the main city, as they always are, even when in the midst. It has its narrow, winding, unpaved alleys, with their common edifices. It has its broader paved streets, along which are its marble palaces, whose doors open upon the street, and the passer-by only wonders to see them closed on a Summer-day, and that the inmates are not seated upon the steps while the children play around them in the open air. It has its broad lime-tree-bordered avenues, which answer well to boulevards. It has its parish chapel in the center, with its altars and crucifixes, ever open, inviting the passing pilgrim to devotion. One might almost think it a city of commerce, from the quantity of wreaths and bouquets of fresh flowers, of *immortelles*, and of every-colored beads; from the strings of pearls, and pictures on porcelain that hang about the doors or under the little roofs made for their preservation.

And yet Père Lachaise is like all other cities of the dead, a deserted city—many arrivals, no departures, yet ever deserted. No sound of revelry or music, no rolling of machinery, no clouds of smoke rising above its silent walls. Its fine outward appearance, however, is not the chief attraction of Père Lachaise to the stranger who visits Paris. It is not so much the monuments of every size, shape, and richness, from the simple slab to small chapel-like edifices, to towers and pyramids, as much as it is the names inscribed upon them—names that have been echoed in all quarters of the globe, of poets, philosophers, warriors, and statesmen. It has long been and is the burying-place of rank and fortune. A French writer says, "Every one who was rich, powerful, or celebrated here below, is borne by preference to Père Lachaise. At every step one sees an illustrious tomb. The glories of the Empire, the illustrious ones of the Restoration, and the celebrities of the government of Louis Philippe,

have found their last rest here. It would require many pages to note even the names of the distinguished." From the popularity of this burying-ground, it may well be inferred that the ashes of those who have not been able to pay the five or six hundred or a thousand francs for their little space, as a perpetual possession, are early and often disturbed to make place for the frequent and never-ceasing arrivals. The permission to occupy a place undisturbed for the short space of five years is bought from the Government at an expense of over fifty francs—which fact shows how rapidly the changes must take place.

As for the poor, who are buried in ditches—*fosses communes*—forty or fifty in the same one, there is no assurance as to how long they may rest unmoved. Considering the demands, the cemetery is not large, and yet three or four hours are barely sufficient to pass through the principal streets, where almost every tomb, either by its beauty, peculiarities, name, or inscription, attracts a few moments of attention. The name of the cemetery itself, which is quite peculiar, was taken from that of the father-confessor of Louis XIV, a Jesuit who, at that time, possessed a villa occupying the highest summit, where the chapel now stands.

In passing to the cemetery one can but be struck with the quantity and frequency of the shops containing merchandise pertaining to tombs—marble shops, flower shops, shops of wreaths of *immortelles* and of beads; shops filled with porcelain plates with designs of Biblical scenes, and of all kinds of religious imagery; almost every door a shop, and almost every shop containing some of the above merchandise. Yet it is probably no unprofitable trade, for the universal custom of taking some memento to the tomb visited, brings all these articles into active demand.

In passing by the tombs one almost wearies at the sight of so many stiff, monotonous, bright-yellow wreaths in all stages of decay and brownness—often to the number of twenty or thirty.

The little chapel-like edifices over the vaults become, as it were, a place of devotion for the immediate friends. In almost all of them one may see—the upper part of the door being of open work—a chair or two made in the style of the chairs for kneeling in the churches. Back against the wall is a Christ on the cross, or more frequently a Virgin Mary with the babe in her arms. Some other small images, two candles, the never-failing attendants of the altar, and several vases for flowers occupy a shelf beneath. Not in one was a Bible observed.

To attempt to describe monuments would be idle among such quantities of tombs where all are, in some degree, remarkable. And often those of persons whose name and fame have spread the farthest and are known the best in other parts of the earth are more modest in pretensions than those of some who have been heroes for an hour only, or without other name than prince or other fame than fortune. But abandoning that idea, it may not be out of place to designate a few that attracted our attention in particular on account of the history attaching to them.

First, it was not a little surprising to find that the tallest monument in Père Lachaise, standing on an elevation which overlooks Paris, was erected by a man to himself some time before his death. His main distinction was his having been minister or ambassador to some foreign country. The monument is a clumsy cone, one hundred feet high, resembling much a huge sugar loaf, and cost one hundred thousand francs.

The monuments to remarkable generals, of which France boasts so many, are scattered every-where throughout the ground—some, columns with victories inscribed upon them, some statues or busts of the warrior himself, and some magnificent equestrian statues, with pedestals bearing reliefs of remarkable battles. A simple monument erected to the father of Victor Hugo bears this inscription: "Thirty years of war spared him, fourteen years of peace killed him."

From here a few minutes' walk brought us to another that, from its peculiar design, evidently expressed some tragical or touching history. By the side of the heavy marble wall stood the marble statue of a woman, of life size, wholly covered with white drapery, and with one arm raised and extended as if searching for the portal of the tomb. We know not how exact to history it may be, but a bystander asserted that it was the family vault of one who, being a republican, was arrested and imprisoned for some act against the present Government; that during his imprisonment his wife was very ill and dying, and that he requested the privilege of paying her a visit and was refused. The sculptor, to whom the adorning of the tomb was intrusted, seized the idea of representing the wife, in spirit-form, as coming to release her husband from prison.

The family vault next to this, to the left, was open and attended by several laborers. Looking down the street we saw a very richly-adorned hearse and procession approaching. Before the open vault it halted, two priests and

a few men wearing symbols of mourning alighted, the rich coffin was taken from the hearse, borne to the vault, let down, in what seemed to me a horrible fashion—head first—the head touching the bottom while the foot rested upon the margin. The priests murmured over a few words which no one could hear, a workman shoveled up a small handful of earth, which the priest sprinkled with holy water and cast upon the coffin, after which the gentlemen in attendance and a few peasant women who had hurried to the scene, took the brush, each one, and sprinkled it likewise. The attendants ascended the coaches, which whirled away, but were not out of sight before another procession, if it could be called such, passed by. It consisted of a hack-like hearse, with the driver seated in front, and one old, bowed woman, not less than sixty years of age, following after on foot, and with only a simple muslin cap on her head. It was a sight demanding a sympathy to which the first could not be compared.

Another tomb, calculated to draw upon the sympathies, was that of a French count, who, having among the first cast in his lot with that of Napoleon after his return from the Isle of Elba, had afterward found it necessary to flee the country, and was on the point of embarking for America. But venturing to pay his wife and child, at Paris, a farewell visit, he was arrested and shot.

The most magnificent and, perhaps, costliest monument of Père Lachaise is that of a princess, but one of no special renown. But the loftiest or most magnificent monument may not be the one attracting the greatest number of visitors or securing the most marks of remembrance and respect. Not very distant from the gate, at one side, and in the deep shadow of trees and bushes, is a tomb and monument which perhaps turns more steps out of the main highway, receives more mementos from those who are neither relatives nor descendants, than any other in this much-visited inclosure.

It is that of Abailard and Heloise. Although both had finished their eventful lives before the middle of 1100, their tomb, long preserved in the Abbey of Paraclet and elsewhere, till the year 1817, when it was placed in Père Lachaise, to-day is never without its wreaths of flowers and mementos of respect. Whether they are bestowed by the admirers of the philosopher or by unhappy lovers it matters not, they are there. The tomb with the reliefs of the two above, which Abailard had had made and placed in the Abbey before his death, rests here under a baldachin in Gothic style, formed of the ruins of another old abbey. On the front, at either

corner, are their medallions. History, verse, and a carefully-preserved monument seem to conspire to give a more than common immortality to Abailard and Heloise.

The frequent meeting of the names of earlier and later history, as we wander through these silent paths, produces many a weird sensation. We feel strangely but in some way acquainted with those whose names we may have become more or less familiar with in print. We seem to have come more fully into their presence and under their immediate influence. The mind is occupied with the events and the actors of many successive ages—some so near that the noise of the strife and battle still come to us in faint echoes, while some are so distant that their dim and lengthening shadows have almost lost their boundaries in the cloud of uncertainties which surround them.

Finally, we leave *Pere Lachaise* wiser and more familiar with what we have read, and with an awakened desire to become more fully acquainted with histories only hinted at on tombstones.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NELLIE WOOD stood by the open window of her kitchen, looking out with a listless, discontented expression upon a dull, breathless morning in the dog-days. A thick fog hung like a pall over the whole country, and made the nearest houses nearly invisible. There had been several smart thunder-showers during the night, and Nellie, who was much afraid of the lightning, had slept very little. It was her habit to go to bed if a shower came over during the day, but in the night she always got up, lighted a lamp, and then betook herself to the dark rooms so as to watch the progress of the clouds from the windows.

It was washing-day, but the fog and the gloom gave little promise of drying clothing. "O, dear!" sighed Nellie, "how is any one to know any thing about the weather with this damp fog shutting one in from all creation? I don't see what the dog-days were ever made for. But I must get breakfast all the same, I suppose."

It was no easy task to start a fire in the stove. The chimney refused, in disgust, to draw till better air was provided; and down through the stove-pipe came great clouds of smoke.

"This is interesting," said Nellie. "Well, if I strangle to death in this smoke, I shall not have to die any other way."

When at last the chimney was persuaded to behave itself, and a clear fire shone in the stove, Nellie found that the "buck-wheats" which had been set to rise overnight, had, in some nocturnal spasm of excitement, took on an acid disposition which was nearly as powerful as hartshorn when tested by the smell.

"And Robert detests soda," said the discouraged little housekeeper. "Well, it can't be helped now. Hark! There is Bobby, crying to be taken up. Lie still, darling. Let mamma see to the breakfast."

But Bobby was not going to lie still. He had had a nice long sleep undisturbed by cares or thunder, and he had awakened greatly refreshed, ready to commence life anew. He was a bright, good-tempered little fellow, not yet two years old, with all the winning charms of babyhood, but with a capacity for mischief which seemed unlimited. In fact, he was both the comfort and torment of his mother's existence.

"What an easy life Mrs. Wood leads!" said the neighbors. "Such a comfortable home! Such a good husband! And only one child to look after!"

Yet there were tiny wrinkles already observable upon the fair face of the young wife, and a settled expression of care was fast crowding out the dimples which used in her girlhood to break out so merrily upon her cheeks.

On this dull, sultry morning, when the breakfast was at last ready, and the roguish baby was seated in his own high chair at the table, and his father came smilingly in from his early work in the garden to enjoy the snug comfort of the morning meal, it required the strongest effort of which the young wife was capable to dismiss for the time the perplexities of the day, and to wear the cheerful aspect which made home homelike. It was harder yet to maintain an appearance of content when the baby's fat fingers found their way into the maple sirup only for a moment left within his reach, and from thence came dripping with sweetness to be laid on the clean frock in which he had just been dressed. And her patience quite gave way at the upsetting of her husband's coffee-cup into the butter-plate, and over the snowy cloth.

"Now, Robert, how could you?"

"I didn't think he could reach so far. What a sly rogue he is!"

"He's a naughty boy. Always up to some mischief. I think that those people who deny the doctrine of innate depravity had better come here and stay an hour or so. Their opinions would soon come up to the orthodox standard. I shall have a tolerably large washing

to do if he keeps on," said Nellie, beginning despondently to untie the little fellow's frock. Bobby innocently put up his rosy mouth for a kiss, which his mother was too vexed to accord. Instead, she gave him a light shaking.

"See, Nellie," said her husband soothingly, "he does n't mean any thing wrong. Cheer up; you'll come out all right at the end of the day."

"I only wish you had to take care of him one day."

"I wish so too. If you could do my work I would change with you with pleasure."

"I wonder you can say that when you know how many things I have to attend to."

"You do a great deal of needless work. I suppose one-half of this great washing is made up of Bobby's ruffles and tucks which are of no earthly use."

"You do n't know any thing about it."

Robert shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. In his heart he thought her rather unreasonably inclined to magnify her trials. But Nellie was already repenting of her pettish replies to him.

"Forgive me, Robert," she said penitently, "I am worried, and tired, and—and cross."

"I know you feel discouraged," he answered kindly, "and I often wish I could make things easier for you. I see no way to do it unless the prices go down or my salary goes up. We only just keep out of debt as it is."

"Never mind," said Nellie, speaking cheerfully as she noticed the cloud on her husband's face, "it is a great blessing to be able to keep out of debt. We ought to be willing to rough it a little. Then we are both well, and so is the baby, bless him. Do n't let him pull down those vases or the lamp."

The words were scarcely uttered before the lamp came down with a crash, breaking upon the best hearth-rug, and distributing its contents liberally abroad. Is there a good housewife who does not know the ability of kerosene to "spread itself?"

Mr. Wood sat the baby down and took himself off in dismayed silence, meditating all the way to the store upon the strange power of little things.

Nellie, left alone with Bobby in the midst of his handiwork, sat down and laughed hysterically. The laugh cheered her and brought back her courage. One-half the difficulties of life are overcome when one can heartily laugh at them.

The bright sun began to peep through the gloom out of doors, and a refreshing breeze sprang up. The beneficial effects of the thun-

der-showers began to be apparent. The baby submitted graciously to be tied in his chair beside a table filled with playthings, and Nellie soon brought the room back to its wonted order and neatness. But, at noon, when Robert came home he found her just ready to succumb to a new batch of difficulties, which, like those of the morning, were conjured up by the baby.

"O, Robert! just look at him! It is n't five minutes since I took him dripping out of the cistern, and now he is wallowing in that pan of ashes. Such a little pig!" said Nellie, as she lifted him with one hand from the ashes and began at once to undress him with the other. "Do n't laugh at him, Robert, he has been dressed three times to-day. I have a great mind to whip him and put him to bed."

"Let me take him. He is such a busy little fellow. Are n't you, Bobby? Energetic, like mamma. What a business man he will make! What a mercy that he was not drowned in the cistern! We should n't have any little cherry lips to kiss, or any little fat arms to hug us, if Bobby were drowned."

Much of this speech to the baby was meant to cheer the baby's mamma, who unconsciously loved the roguish fellow the more for the countless risks he ran, and the numberless deliverances that he experienced.

Mr. Wood was, like most husbands, a little particular in regard to his meals. Not so much as to the edibles provided as to the having them in readiness when he appeared punctually at the appointed time. This was not always possible. The domestic machinery, which has as many wheels within wheels as Ezekiel's vision, would sometimes be behind time. Then would appear straightway one of those golden opportunities to impart wisdom which very few men neglect to improve.

"A great many of your troubles, Nellie," Mr. Wood would wisely argue, "grow out of your lack of system. Just accustom yourself to do certain things at certain hours, and you will find leisure enough for all that is needful. Half the world live in a slipshod, hap-hazard sort of a way, fretting and worrying along, just for the want of a little order and method. Now, I measure off my work into regular portions of time, and when the time is up the work is done."

"But supposing your work had to be done with Bobby hanging on your knee and snatching at your pen, or, just as you were in the middle of some intricate calculation, managing to overset the inkstand upon your papers and clothes."

"I should not allow him to touch the ink."
 "Then he would touch something else with no better results, I can tell you."

"My mother," Robert's unfailing authority, "used to teach *her* boys to let things alone."

"Your mother's boys were human, I suppose, and therefore active and mischievous. I am sure that Bobby inherits *his* talent from one of your mother's boys."

"Ah, well! we will not discuss that point. Is dinner ready?"

Most of their discussions ended in this way, and Nellie, in counting over the little things which made up her sum of miseries, always gave a prominent place in the list to her husband's low estimate of her troubles.

"One can bear great trials," she said to him at the close of a most wearisome Saturday, "but the little aggravations wear one out. They exhaust soul, body, and spirit."

"Little things bring very pleasant results sometimes," said Robert. "As, for instance, when Caroline Manners was attracted by Johnny Trask's peculiar voice. The whole family have been raised from abject poverty through her influence."

"Yes, I know. I suppose there was a providence in that. But think of that little torpedo that frightened Mr. Abbott's horse. Such a tiny bit of mischief. You remember the despair of poor Mrs. Abbott when her husband was brought in dead. She never smiled afterward. And now her little Grace and Clara are orphans. There was no pleasant result there, Robert."

"But it was a providence as really as the other case. God rules, Nellie."

"I suppose he does, though it does seem sometimes as if he didn't. Think of the beautiful city of Portland so nearly destroyed by a fire-cracker. What are you smiling at?"

"I was thinking of the result of a little obstinacy on the part of old Daniel Day. He lives in that square yellow house down by Hedge's Lane."

"Yes, I know the house. But what has he done?"

"He has had a bad abscess on his side all Summer. It has been growing worse instead of better, and yesterday he went down to Dr. Nye's office and showed it to him. The doctor gave him a preparation of lead to apply to it, and also some medicine for his blood. Somehow he got them mixed up in his mind, and when he got home he insisted that the lead was to be taken internally. His wife is usually wise enough not to dispute his opinions, knowing from experience that there is no surer way to confirm them, but in this case her alarm

got the better of her discretion, and she earnestly begged him to see the doctor again before using the remedies. No, he would do no such thing. Did she think he was such a simpleton as not to know what the doctor said? He believed that he understood the English language when it was spoken correctly. She entreated him with tears to wait—just to wait while she ran down to the doctor's office. Not he. To cut short her expostulations, and at the same time show his independence of female wisdom, he immediately portioned out a part of the lead and swallowed it."

"Why, Robert! And is he alive?"

"Yes. Dr. Nye was sent for in great haste, and the prompt use of a stomach pump brought up the most of the poison. Dr. Nye says that not one man in a hundred could have lived through such an experiment. But he will be sick in earnest for a time. All for a *little* obstinacy, Nellie."

"A good deal of obstinacy, I should say. Poor Mrs. Day! It seems almost a pity, thinking of her, that he had not been left to enjoy the full effect of his medicine."

"It would only have given her a great trial to bear in the place of little ones."

"Perhaps. I have often noticed her in Church. She looks very frail, and with such a great family of noisy boys, I should think she would be quite discouraged."

"Yet her unvarying cheerfulness is remarked by all. She is a Christian, Nellie."

Nellie was silent. She, too, was a professed Christian. Her thoughts rapidly ran over the almost numberless mercies of her lot, and she wondered how a few little ills could so shut them out from view. Contrasted with the known trials of Mrs. Day they seemed very insignificant. Indeed, they were in a fair way to vanish from sight altogether. She had nearly convinced herself of what was really true, that she was one of the most fortunate women in the world, when she happened to think of one of her greatest blessings; namely, the baby. She had quite forgotten him in the interest of the conversation.

Baby had taken advantage of her momentary forgetfulness to gratify a wish which had been growing upon him for months, and when Nellie turned to ascertain the meaning of his unusual stillness, she found him sitting in the middle of a box of charcoal, turning over its contents with the greatest interest and delight.

"O dear, dear suz!" exclaimed Nellie in dismay. "As if I were not tired enough before! He has been as naughty as possible all day, but he saved this stroke of business for Satur-

day evening to finish up the week. I've no doubt he did it on purpose. Do n't look so reproachful, Robert. Of course, I know that you are thinking I should not have left the coal-box in this room. And you are classing this among the little things that should be borne patiently. But if you were as tired as I am, it would not seem a trifle to wash that child all over, and add another suit of soiled clothes to the washing."

He said nothing till her task was accomplished and the little fellow had gone to sleep in his pretty crib; but when they stood together admiring the silken curly eyelashes that just touched the rosy bloom of the baby's cheek, he said kindly, "If you could accustom yourself to expect these little vexations you might avoid many of them, and it would be easier to meet those that are unavoidable."

"Robert, I begin every day with a resolution to do exactly what you have recommended. You see how much good it does. I expect," she added smiling, "that I shall die a martyr to little things."

For nearly a fortnight after this conversation Nellie's housekeeping duties and labors seemed to be accomplished with unaccustomed ease and smoothness. Bobby behaved beautifully for him, and did not average more than half a dozen "scrapes" in a day. Robert praised Nellie every evening for the forethought and skill which managed so pleasantly, and the little matron's happy appreciation of her own abilities grew stronger every hour. Then there came a time when it seemed as if all the fortnight's difficulties, from which she had escaped, had returned and crowded themselves into one day. Nellie combated them all bravely for a while, but when the suddenly-ambitious pudding contrived to get out of the dish in which it was baking and spread itself to every corner of the oven, and Bobby's best tucked frock, airing too near the stove, was burnt in several places, and the liquor in which the cabbage was being cooked boiled over on the stove and filled the house with its peculiar odor, and Bobby burnt his fingers in a vain attempt to understand the situation, she lost both courage and patience.

"Talk about little things!" she said to her husband when he came in to dinner. "I should rather manage Grant's army than to regulate this little kitchen."

"I suppose nothing remains a trifle that has power enough to steal our patience and good-humor; for then our happiness seems to depend on it. Let me help you to some pudding. It is very good in spite of its mishaps."

Nellie's face began to brighten. "Do you know what a nice little cook you are?" he went on. "I often wish some of the other clerks could look forward to such prime dinners. There's Johnson; he told me the most laughable thing to-day. You know that his landlady, Mrs. Bond, is not overnice about her housekeeping. Johnson has a rather delicate stomach at the best; but he had got along bravely with the knowledge that the dishes and babies were washed in the same bowl, and that the table-napkins often served the older children for pocket-handkerchiefs. All of the boarders like Rhode Island johnny-cakes for breakfast. Mrs. Bond bakes them in little rounds about as large as a saucer. Those that happen to be left in the morning come on at dinner-time for cold bread. They always have a variety of vegetables, and so no one objects to the cakes, though they are not improved by the cooling and hardening."

"I should think not," said Nellie, decidedly.

"Well, to-day Johnson had to go home before the usual dinner hour, and he found the youngest children playing with the cold cakes, whirling and rolling them on the floor as if they were wooden wheels."

"O, Robert!"

Nellie burst into a loud laugh, and every trace of care vanished from her features. Her husband smiled contentedly as he observed it.

"It is sport for us, but Johnson could not see its ludicrous aspect. He managed to pass through the room when Mrs. Bond was setting the table, and he saw her collect the johnny-cakes from the corners into which they had rolled, and dust them with her apron before placing them on the table. Think of that, Nellie."

"Ugh! What a mess! Of course he will not stay there."

"He can not afford to give up his situation at the store, and there is no other boarding-place near. He will have to learn to endure *little things*."

"Well, I am very sure I could never bear *his* trials."

"No, we are only fitted to grapple with our own. Do you remember how foolish we thought Caddy Hamilton because she made herself so unhappy over a personal slight; because that silly Delia Bent, who has not brains enough to stock an onion seed, chose to cut her in the street rather than acknowledge to her fashionable cousin her acquaintance with a poor girl; and little Caddy went sighing about the house as if every body was dead, and she was attending the funeral? It occasioned her first distrust

of real friends, and so far was a misfortune. 'Such a trifling affair,' you called it, Nellie, but it was not a little thing to her."

"If we were rich," said Nellie meditatively, "I would contrive to steer clear of little botherations."

"Doubted. Rich people generally get a double portion. There is Simon Hatch; he is rich, and he became so by attending to little things, such as the saving of pins, matches, and pennies. But no one ever supposes that he has any happiness in the possession of his wealth. Do you suppose that when he counts up the sum total of his yearly gains that there is any true joy mingled with his gratified greed for gold? Much of it has come from little meannesses and, if there are such things, little sins. Exorbitant rents for miserable tenements in which Christ's poor must live or be houseless; unlawful interest on money deposits; contributions to the Church which, in comparison to the 'widow's mite,' are not worth receiving into the Lord's treasury; the grudging of necessary expenses; each of these things help to make up his yearly account of debt and credit in the books above; and poor Simon can not help knowing just how the account stands."

"I see, Robert, that it is the little things that make up our lives. I add stitches to stitches to make up a frock for Bobby. Well, the great rivers are made of drops. It is God's way. Now, Robert, I am just going to turn over a new leaf. Nothing shall fret me again, because I know that even *my* tiny tribulations are parts of some glorious whole. I have found out that trials are to be borne, not shaken off. So I shall be patient, like poor Mrs. Day. Ah! you may look as incredulous as you please, but you will see."

Robert smiled but he said nothing, for happening to turn his head he saw the baby sitting contentedly on the floor under the table, busily employed in overhauling Nellie's work-basket. Needles, pins, and tangled skeins of bright silk, were strewed around, and a quantity of spool cotton was in a snarl about the table legs.

"O, you naughty little torment!" screamed Nellie, springing to the rescue of her goods. "You are the very worst—" meeting Robert's eye she stopped and colored rosily.

"It is one of the little things, Nellie."

"I know it. What is the use of trying?"

"Do n't be discouraged. Perhaps the trouble is that we too often attempt such reforms in our own strength. Patience is a heavenly grace. I need it quite as much as you do. Let us seek it together, and together ask for help from on high."

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"As an initiatory step, Robert, suppose you help me to pick up these needles and to straighten this sewing silk."

I do n't know whether either Robert or Nellie ever became patient enough to bear the little crosses of life cheerfully. But I do know that the grace of God is sufficient for every condition in life.

THE SICK CHILD,

BY HELEN BRUCE.

DEAR little eyes, with their fringed lids
Lifted so heavily, piteously,
Would I could see in their depths once more
The flash and sparkle of childhood's glee!

Dear little lips, that have known no guile,
Innocent, beautiful, fever red,
Would ye were ringing again with mirth
As in the days that so soon have fled!

Dear little gentle and pensive face,
Wasted, and sunken, and shadowed now;
The high brow white with an unknown light,
Would thou wert rosy with health's warm glow!

Dear little patient and suffering child,
Pleading for pity with dying eyes!
O! it is cruel and hard to stand
Powerless to aid while a loved one dies.

Art thou departing, my precious dove?
Dearest and tenderest lamb of the fold;
Thoughtful and wise as a woman now,
Beautiful darling, but five years old.

Father in heaven, thy will is mine,
With thee my darling were safe and blest;
But, O! that thy wisdom and love could see
That now to restore her to life were best!

A PRAYER.

BY JEAN.

FROM day to day
Thy way
Teach me, O Lord!
From night to night
Thy light
Impart, O Lord!
From hour to hour
Thy power
Bestow, O Lord!
From year to year
Thy fear
Award, O Lord!
From life to death
Bequeath
Thy grace, O Lord!
Through countless days
Thy praise
Teach me, O Lord!

THE TEMPLE OF KEDARNATH.

BY REV. J. M. THORNBURN.

AMONG the many shrines to which devout Hindoos make pilgrimages, are two named Kedarnath and Badrinath, which are situated far up among the Himalayas near the snowy peaks, from which issue some of the larger streams which unite to form the sacred Ganges. The journey to these shrines, under the most favorable circumstances, is one of great difficulty, and the pilgrim who performs it can add little to his works of merit by further wanderings. Only two other shrines in India are adjudged equal to these in sanctity, and no pilgrim ever thinks his work complete till he has climbed the mountains and bowed in adoration before the idols which mark the spot where Shiva once plunged into the mountain, or where Krishna stood with rigid limbs and swollen veins, subsisting on air alone for a hundred years. Multitudes from all parts of India flock to the temples every year, and it is probable that similar multitudes have been preceding them for nearly twenty centuries. A celebrated Hindoo reformer named Sankarya, who flourished a thousand years ago, found the Temple of Kedarnath in a neglected state, and after rebuilding it ended his life there. Even in that olden time the shrine seems to have been as old as the existing literature of the people.

It chanced to be my lot to live near the road which the pilgrims follow on their way to these shrines, and I have recently spent some weeks among them, trying to see if a favorable field for missionary labor can be found among men who are supposed to be enduring hardships and braving dangers for the sole purpose of securing salvation. I went among them somewhat like a pilgrim myself, traveling on foot as they did, resting with them by the wayside, walking with them on the journey, talking with them by their little fires at night, and, in short, mingling with them as much as possible at all times. A very narrow road had been cut along the mountain-sides, but on such mountains no road can be made even moderately level for any great distance, and to persons unaccustomed to such traveling, walking soon becomes exceedingly fatiguing. I had been on the road six days, when I reached a small hamlet near the crest of a mountain, about thirteen miles from Kedarnath, where I halted for the night, determining to push on to the temple the following day. The garret of a deserted native house furnished me a shelter for the night, and

wearied as I was with the journey I slept soundly, and awoke the next morning feeling much refreshed and better prepared for the rough march of the day.

The sun was just rising over the eastern mountains when I gained the crest above the hamlet where I had slept. The scene which opened before me as I stood on the mountain summit was grand beyond description. I was eight thousand feet above the sea, and could glance back over the receding mountains at the dense haze which overhung the distant plains, like a vast sea, far below me. On either side snowy peaks were rising far above me, showing that I was already within the region of constant Winter. Northward the great white mountains rose in silent majesty nearly three miles above the little hillock on which I was standing. I wish it were in my power to give the reader even a faint idea of the impressive grandeur of that long range of glittering peaks. If an aeronaut, floating along a mile above the Alleghanies, were to be suddenly confronted by a range of snow-clad mountains rising into the deep-blue sky nearly three miles above his balloon, he would have spread out before him simply the picture on which I gazed that morning. It seemed as if I had scaled the outer wall of our little earth, and stood looking at the confines of a new world far above our clouds and storms. Winter, silent but relentless, reigned up there. No flowers or trees intruded upon his realm. The sunshine, it is true, was there, and flooded all the frozen heights with streams of glory, but not a pulsation of warmth in all the ages had ever responded to its wooings. Those glittering crests of snow are so high above this vulgar world that the sun which summons forth the flowers, and robes the forest, and fructifies the fields, shines for them in vain. It is so with many hearts. Just as a human heart is isolated in an atmosphere above the common level of our vulgar humanity, does it lose its warmth and generous impulses, till, in the region of tranquil selfishness, it *freezes*, and no sunshine, not even that from above our world, can ever touch a tender spot or call forth a tender emotion from it. To know what this better sunshine can do for our hearts, we must get down where human hearts are, for there is the place where God will cause it to shine in its fullness.

Our road led us down the mountain into a valley a mile or more below the summit over which we had first passed, and then wound around the mountain-sides among large moss-grown trees, which afforded a most grateful shade from the sun, which always shines with

a peculiar intensity in the pure atmosphere of those mountain heights. I met many pilgrims returning from the shrine, and stopped twice to preach to them, but was somewhat surprised to find them less disposed to listen to me than when I had talked to them on their way up. I had been told by many, and, indeed, had myself expected that the returning pilgrims, who had seen the folly and deception of the temple service, would be much more ready to receive the truth, than those who had yet to learn that the stories by which they had been beguiled from their homes and led into those mountain solitudes, were the mere fabrications of crafty priests, but I found it quite the contrary. They frankly admitted that they had seen nothing except idols, and had received nothing except, in a few cases, a little boiled rice; but they claimed that the reward was in store for them; that salvation was secured for the next world, and many ills which would have befallen them here were warded off for all time to come. Right or wrong, they had staked every thing on that pilgrimage; had spent their money, endured hardships, braved dangers, and submitted to great sacrifices, and now when it was all over, it seemed hard indeed to be told that it was all for naught; and when they were told of a salvation which was a *free gift*, which might be obtained by simply asking, but never bought with all earth's treasures, nor earned by painful works of merit, they were "offended" at it, and chose rather to cling to their delusion and go trusting in it to their graves. How easily is man led into error! And by what slow and halting steps is he led to embrace the simplest truths! And yet even in these times, after the experience of so many ages, some of the first intellects of our world are firmly persuaded that man's inner nature is an infallible guide, which, if left to itself, will lead him into all truth! It may seem so in a philosopher's study, but surely such teaching sounds like incoherent nonsense in the midst of these deluded multitudes.

Leaving the valley, we climbed another mountain some distance, passed along its side, and again descended to the river, where we found a small village situated near two sacred fountains, one of icy-cold water, and the other hot as an Iceland geyser. Of course Hindoo superstition could not pass these by, and accordingly a shrine had been erected, and the passing pilgrims bathed in stone tanks, which had been provided near each of the fountains. One man appealed to me with great confidence, and asked how it was, if their gods were nothing, that they could boil water under ground!

I replied that such hot fountains flowed in my country, too, but that there were no gods there to keep them boiling, and hence I had no reason to believe that the gods had any thing to do with the boiling water before us. This was a puzzle to the poor man, but I am not sure that he believed me. He could not appreciate a fastidious virtue which would not sacrifice truth for the sake of an argument, and he probably thought that I had taken the most natural as well as easy course to get out of an awkward dilemma.

We were now six miles from the temple, but as no comfortable shelter could be found above, I resolved to leave my luggage at the village and return to spend the night there. My coolies and native cook accordingly secured a garret for the night, and then went on ahead, while I followed more leisurely, being already very tired, and having twelve more miles to walk before nightfall. A short distance above the village I came upon an immense snow-bank, which had drifted into a ravine and was now rapidly melting away. As I stood looking at it a mountaineer came up and kindly proffered a little information about it. "That is *snow*, Sahib; it falls from the clouds like rain when the weather is very cold, and when it becomes warm it all melts away!" I told him that I had sometimes seen snow before, but never quite so deep as that.

The road grew worse and worse as I climbed higher, and more than once I feared that I should not be able to reach the temple. In many places rough stone steps had been built up the steep mountain-side, like a long stairway, and I soon found it exceedingly fatiguing to ascend them. It makes my very bones ache again when I think of those long flights of rough steps over which I dragged my weary feet like heavy balls of lead. Once or twice, too, I felt an uncomfortable nervousness in passing along a tottering wall about two feet in width, the fall of which would have precipitated me on the rocks a thousand feet below. In one place poles had been inserted in crevices in the perpendicular rocks, and over these two loose planks served as a bridge above a frightful precipice. Not long before leaving home for India, I chanced to speak at a Sunday school anniversary in Ohio, and while talking to the children tried to describe these mountains, "rising up like great walls till they pierced the clouds." A good minister was present who loved the truth, and the next day I learned that he had expressed a wish "to hear that missionary tell how he managed to *get up on the mountains*, if they were so high and steep

as he represented." I can not tell how often I thought of that good man that day, and how earnestly I wished that I had him with me, that I might show him how I managed to climb the mountains. One mile of that day's travel would have given him a higher appreciation of missionary veracity than he had ever dreamed of before.

The surpassing grandeur of the scenery, keeping my mind in a constant state of excitement, did much to keep me from yielding to the constant temptation to stop and give up the journey. For twelve miles the river below me was one long sheet of milk-white foam. Above me the mountains towered higher and higher, while the sky was so blue that it seemed as if a new curtain had been hung up over our world. At every turn of the road I met snowy cascades, which came leaping and laughing down over the rocks from mountain heights a thousand feet above me. One of these was a stream of considerable size, which rushed down a narrow channel among the rocks, leaped over a precipice, dashed itself into spray on a rock a hundred feet below, fell in clouds of snowy mist on other rocks three hundred feet further down, and then gathering its scattered forces together again, rushed roaring down into the river a thousand feet below. The melting snows above fed the stream which sparkled everywhere, and turn where I would I was met by pictures of rarest beauty.

After climbing three miles I stopped at a temporary hamlet by the roadside for refreshments. My cook had gone on ahead, and when I arrived he had a plentiful supply of biscuit and a pot of tea ready for me. I was hungry, and thirsty, and exceedingly fatigued, and never was I more grateful for a cup of tea than when I threw myself down on a native blanket and took up a biscuit and the cup which the cook handed me. The tea soon disappeared, as did a second cup, and a third, and a fourth. "Shall I fill up the tea-pot again?" asked the cook with a puzzled expression. I ordered more hot water, and drank my fifth and sixth cups, and yet it seemed to me that I had drunk scarcely any thing. I was pouring out my seventh cup when it occurred to me that there was such a thing as prudence in the world, and that I had probably passed its bounds. I ate my last biscuit, but still felt hungry and thirsty. In short, I began to find that I was getting too high up in the world for personal comfort. Every few minutes a strange, smothering sensation would come over me, as if I had been holding my breath, and I was reminded that the atmosphere was growing rare. My head began to

ache with a dull, throbbing pain, and my heart began to thump heavily.

A mountaineer volunteered to go with me the rest of the way, but all the coolies except one gave it up and returned to the village below. The road now ceased to be a road, and was indeed hardly a pathway. Instead of stone steps, we had simply large, rough stones thrown together, over which we could scramble better than on the slippery ground. Immense snowbanks filled all the ravines, and, of course, blocked up our way, but the pilgrims had worn little paths in the melting snow, which I found far preferable to the rough stones over which we had come. The rushing torrents of water had worn channels like arched caverns under the snow, and often as I walked along I could hear the roar of the torrent beneath my feet. The snow was every-where melting rapidly—it was the middle of May—and beautiful wild flowers were following it closely, some of them laughing at its retreat within a few feet of the icy mass itself. The trees were bare, and on some of them the buds had not yet commenced to swell. We crept on up, and came into a region where trees and flowers disappeared. The few shrubs which made up the vegetation were still locked in Winter's sleep. The snow, however, was still melting, and every-where around us and beneath our feet the swollen torrents were rushing down to the river.

At last we came in sight of the temple, standing at the head of the valley, about a mile distant. The whole of the intervening distance was covered with snow, in some places not less than fifty feet deep, while the temple itself was so deeply imbedded in the snow that I did not notice a score of stone huts by which it was surrounded, till within a few rods of the place. I found the priests and all the pilgrims who chanced to be there collected to receive me. The temple has a large revenue, and supports no less than three hundred and sixty priests, but only twenty of these were present at the time of my visit. The building is of stone, about fifty feet long by twenty-five wide, with a tower forty or forty-five feet high. It is one of the finest Hindoo temples I have seen, but I had expected that a shrine so celebrated would have had a building of more imposing proportions. It is dedicated to Shiva, and has a large, neatly-carved stone ox lying in front to represent the animal on which that old brute is said to have traveled. A number of stone idols adorn different parts of the temple, among them two of the most noted of Vishnu's incarnations. Such is the accommodating nature of this polytheism, that the most noted temple of one

particular god can furnish images for the votaries of half a dozen others.

I walked around the temple hoping to get a peep inside, but the doors had been closed before my arrival, and the priests declined opening them. I then took a seat on the stone platform beside Shiva's ox, and preached to a considerable crowd who sat on the steps of the temple in front of me. I know not that it is right for a preacher to feel gratified with his own sermons, but right or wrong there are times when I do it. I can not see why a minister of the blessed Gospel may not rejoice over his work as well as any one else; nor do I think it an infallible mark of humility for him to be always talking in a disparaging tone of his own sermons. If Charles Francis Adams congratulates himself that he is the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, he does not thereby say that he is the *ablest* man who ever filled that post; and surely I may in all humility feel an intense satisfaction in thinking that I have stood up before immortal men and delivered a message from the King of kings. I shall ever think with grateful joy of the time when I preached Jesus and the resurrection at that old temple. It was two miles and a half above the sea, and the mountain before me rose up a mile and a half above my seat. The sun, glowing in that pure sky like a furnace of molten gold, was just sinking behind the snowy heights. Before me sat priest and pilgrim, deceiver and deceived. It seemed to me that the long procession of men and women, who, for a thousand years, had been marching up to that temple was passing before me, and from that shrine I saw them pass on and enter the eternal world. A thousand years! A thousand years in which pilgrim throngs, like those around me, march straight on to the temple and the tomb! I felt my spirit stirred within me, and preached as I had seldom preached in India before. My heart and eyes overflowed as I told them of a risen Savior who had *power to save*.

It has been said that there is a grief which craves tears as a luxury, but often longs for them in vain. I was reminded of this when thinking of the strange, refreshing, hopeful feeling which those tears brought to me, and I was almost startled when I chanced to think that I had never shed a tear before in the presence of a heathen congregation. I have heard tender-hearted men preach stirring sermons to these people, but I do not think I ever saw one moved to tears, unless when native Christians formed his congregation. No wonder that missionaries sometimes long for the refreshing

means of grace, which they have been wont to enjoy in their native land.

The gloomy shadows of the mountains reminded me that I must hasten my return, for I was six miles from a place of shelter. I talked very plainly to the priests, but no one seemed to resent it, and I hoped to prevail on them to accept some books and tracts, but in this I was disappointed. Their boys, however, had no scruples, and before I left I heard one of them reading a scathing exposure of Hindooism on the steps of the temple.

As I turned away I met a poor, barefooted, half-naked woman, bending with fatigue and shivering with cold, dragging herself along toward the shrine. I stepped aside into the snow to let her pass, and as I watched the poor creature totter by, I think I knew what it was to *hate* this accursed idolatry.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.*

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

EACH earthly hope grown dark
But shows some distant light
By which to guide our trembling bark
Across the stormy night.
Each friendship slipped aside
But lifts our standard higher,
To one whose strength can stem the tide
Or brave the scorching fire.
Each disappointed love
Which darkens all our way,
But draws the soul to One above
Whose love can not decay!
Each beautiful belief,
Broken, and crushed, and gone,
Works out of its extremest grief
Some vision of the dawn.
Each snow-clouded sky
Brings dreams of heavenly light,
And lifts the longing spirit high
To where there is no night.
Each messenger of death
That meets us on the way
But makes us long to breathe a breath
That is not cased in clay.
Each tendril of the soul
Is reaching vainly forth—
The rains may fall, the rivers roll,
Its prop is not of earth.
O Father! in the dark
Which shadows all my way,
Still ever let me see a spark
From thy unclouded day!

* "And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death; but an Infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: and in that I saw the Infinite Love of God."—George Fox's Journal.

A GLIMPSE INTO A LIFE.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

TENNYSON.

AT first it was a dream of pleasure—only pleasure. It reverted to no sad yesterday, it looked forward to no uncertain to-morrow, and yet that dream of life was imperfect through its very completeness. The dreamer rejoiced, not as do souls that struggle up through great griefs that have fallen upon them like holy benedictions; he knew nothing of that deliverance from peril, or long-continued anxiety which is the source of the highest enjoyment—

"Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys."

Sad experiences followed by a glad relief had never taught him

"That every cloud that spreads above
And vaileth love, itself is love."

He had no visions of earnest, striving, and patient waiting, but in his dreams he was always the recipient of unearned blessings. "Ego" was the center of his social system.

As an ancient astronomer advanced the theory that the sun revolved round the earth, thereby giving warmth and light to a body at rest, so did the dreamer conceive of a life of inactivity, full of warmth and sunshine. His dreams were as flattering, though not as prophetic, as those of Joseph of old; all things "bowed in obeisance" to him. Yet through the smooth paths of his imagination he was led to trackless wastes, and the fervid, abiding sunlight grew oppressive, till, with "the tired Dervise," he was ready to exclaim:

"Wearily flaggeth my soul in the desert,
Wearily, wearily.

Sand, ever sand, not the gleam of a fountain;
Sun, ever sun, not a shade from the mountain;
Wave after wave flows the sea of the desert,
Drearly, drearily."

Next the dreamer became an observer of men, not a striver among them. He began to live, but, to speak paradoxically, he began to live outside of his own life; that is, he studied not his own wants, or duties, or capacities, but, styling himself a student of men, measured the wants, duties, and capacities of others. He trusted in his own powers to comprehend and to discriminate; and, while stumbling along his own way, rebuked the wayward footsteps of his brethren. Like a soldier who, on the field

of battle, throws away his musket and then censures the bad shots of his neighbor, so, standing idle, did he condemn the work of more earnest men, and self pitying, did he call whatever ills befell himself "misfortunes;" whatever ills befell other men, he adjudged the befitting results of their own imprudent actions. To go down into the depths of other men's lives was as easy as the descent to Tartarus; but to come up out of the depths of his own nature, "that was labor, that was toil."

Headless of the injunction, "Know thyself," he understood but imperfectly things outside of and beyond himself, and so went on the useless years of his life. He had sought knowledge, not wisdom.

"Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

This idle observer of men was at last a conscript, dragged forth upon the battle-plains of life. He had evaded duty till evasion was no longer possible; he must now "bear arms" or die. A life-long conflict was before him. If his theories were worth any thing, he could reduce them to practice, for he was now in the full tide of action and must be strictly practical. He was humbled at the revelation of his own weakness; he found his own wisdom foolishness. He learned that there is no standpoint from which man can unerringly judge of his fellow-man. The balances of justice hang high as heaven itself.

He whose life had known no noble aims, could not at once bring his higher powers into subserviency to his will. He had brought no heart to his work, but his work gave heart to him. The struggle which he had never sought, he at length gloried in. Channing said, "I call that mind free which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies." So freedom came from self-knowledge. The vain dreamer—the idle observer became at last the earnest man who, in triumph or defeat, was alike courageous, and who through ennobling struggle had grown strong enough to "meet midway" life's many storms.

HE alone is a man, who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF PAUL AND BARBARA HECK.

A LEAF FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

A FEW days since we were induced to visit, by special invitation, the pleasant town of Brockville, Canada West. Here we found ourselves within a few miles of where that honored mother in Israel, Barbara Heck, and her good husband, Paul Heck, lie buried side by side. With much pleasure we accepted the invitation of W. Sherwood, Esq., and Rev. Wm. H. Poole, to visit the venerated spot, about eight miles distant. Within a mile of the "Blue Church" graveyard resides George Heck, Esq., grandson of Barbara Heck. Himself and members of his interesting household are well worthy the name of their sainted grandsires, and their praise is in all the Canadian Wesleyan Churches, as among the more devoted and opulent. Here we dined, and saw some highly-prized relics of the worthy pair, particularly the Bible that the devoted Barbara had on her lap at the moment of her transit from earth to heaven. Says one, "When we pray we speak to God, but when we read the Holy Bible it is God speaking to us. Well, God was speaking to Barbara, the sainted mother of American Methodism, at the hour she passed away. And who can tell what were the hallowed communings of that eventful moment! Her grandson tells us that she was not particularly ill. She had for some time resided with her son Samuel, and had at the time accomplished her threescore and ten years. Himself and brother formed part of the family; but all were absent from the room at the time when death, as a smiling porter, came and unlocked the prison door that detained her below. The messenger that unloosed the silver cord came so gently that his coming might not at once have been observed, had not the good old well-worn Bible been seen slipping from her hand as her grandson entered the room. Says her biographer, Rev. Dr. Stevens, "Thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name will last with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure." The place from which she

"Took her last triumphant flight,
From Calvary to Zion's height,"

was pointed out to us, being but a few minutes' walk from where her grandson now resides.

Her remains now repose in a graveyard about a mile distant from the place where she died. It is just such a place as one might choose as a last resting-place for the earthly tabernacle. It is on a verdant embankment overlooking the beautiful St. Lawrence River, whose rapid flow reminds the thoughtful beholder of life's ever-flowing stream, bearing its sons away. Assisted by Rev. Mr. Poole, we planted a beautiful rose-bush on the grave of the departed heroine. Some of the roses were in full bloom, and we left them untouched to shed perfume over the honored spot.

Our friend, the lawyer, through whose courtesy we were taken to the place, busied himself, while we were viewing the graves of the honored dead, in taking a sketch of the graves of Paul and Barbara, and other members of the Heck family. Being an adept in the art, he produced an admirable sketch. The remains of Mrs. Lawrence also lie entombed here. She was the widow of Philip Embury, of honored memory, who died at Ashgrove, Vermont. Two or three years after the death of Embury she was married to Mr. Lawrence, one of the little company that emigrated to this country with Paul and Barbara Heck, Embury, etc. Surely the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance; and by a thousand unlooked-for and nameless ways does the God of Providence make known his faithfulness.

LITERARY WOMEN.

BY JENNIE BRANCKSTON.

I AM fairly wearied out with this incessant prating of the "lords of creation," on the duties and sphere of woman. They seem to take it for granted that every woman is born with a depraved and fatal tendency to wander from the paths that lead to the kitchen, and that she is only to be reclaimed by the call of duty sounded in her ears by their disinterested voice. They feel morally sure that wherever a woman is found guilty of reading a book, or—fearful enormity—of writing one, the roast joint of mutton will be burned, the pudding turn out heavy, and their precious shirt bosoms be limp, or scorched.

Ever since Eve stole the apple from the tree of knowledge, I believe all the post-Adamites have reckoned it a sin for her to take to learning. How elegantly they discourse of the broom and scrubbing-brush! and the plaintive melody of their kitchen lyrics is almost touching. Then the delightful insincerity with which they tell

a woman, in print, that she never looks more bewitching than with her sleeves rolled up at the pie-board, or in any one of the beautiful "household avocations." Why do they think it so positively necessary that a woman, to be a woman, should be always in the practice of domestic drudgery? There is a soil of cant about the whole thing that annoys me. The dread that woman should overstep her "sphere," that mysterious and still undefined circle which encompasses her, seems long to have been a source of agitation; and when here and there one departs from the refinements dear to all true womanly instincts, the fear seems to be that, the example once set, all who have courage will follow in the wake—that womankind need only precedent and tolerance to forsake one-half their old employments and customs, and make for themselves a new line of habit and life.

But it is not with an elaborate discussion of the prolific topic of "woman's sphere" that we would vex our own brains or those of our readers; we would utter only some of the thoughts that have arisen as we have read, again and again, articles in regard to literary women—which term includes lovers of books as well as lovers of the pen. The fear that seems to haunt the mind masculine, that the intellectual cultivation of woman is incompatible with the fulfillment of those sweet household duties that make her the fair dispensing spirit of harmony, beauty, and cheer of a home, seems to us at this day to betray a pitiable lack of observation, experience, or just appreciation.

That a woman will superintend her household with any less skill and grace because she has enriched her mind by familiarity with works of genius, and ripened her judgment by the study of grave authors, is merely ridiculous. That she should be a good housekeeper, a wise and careful mother, a skillful director of her domestics, and a willing participator in their labors, requires that she possess sound common-sense. Give her this and she will not be the less wise, careful, and skillful, though every room contain its library, and every corner its *escritoire*. Give her a character without this element, and though her whole life be spent in the practice of arts domestic, she will fail in producing that harmony of household life, that sweet charm of order and system that deepen and enrich the blessedness of home, that develop the full meaning of that sacred word.

In regard to a woman who writes, and publishes what she writes, the almost unanimous masculine conviction seems to be that she must be fit for nothing else; that, however sweet her poems, and piquant her sketches, her husband's

stockings must, of necessity, be undarned, and his dinners ill cooked, her own dress uncared for, and her children vagrant; or if, perchance, she remain unmarried, she must be repelling and unsocial, eschewing all the sweet graces of maidenhood. We doubt not there may be some women whose too exclusive devotion to one object in life has rendered them unfitted for the harmonious fulfillment of all its duties; but is not the same true of men in precisely the same degree? And where one such case can be brought to light, we can point to where the hand that guides the glowing pen is most skillful in its ministry to every need and every comfort of home—tender in its touch in the sick room, ready for every duty that calls.

We have been in homes where the sweet spirit of feminine genius has been the light and warmth of the household, where the pure aspiration and lofty ideal of thought and life have been felt by every soul within the charmed circle. The culminating point of all this wisdom seems to be, that "literary" women—and mark the half sneer with which it is often spoken—will never worthily and wisely fill the places of wives and mothers. We had thought that the many true and beautiful women, whose noble lives are a part of the literature they adorn, would have shamed from every thinking mind the "unworthy thought." And we do not yet believe there is one man of noble mind and true earnest heart—one of just manhood—who would choose that the wife or sister of his love should not be able to meet him with comprehending sympathy among the books and subjects that were dear to him; that would not joy in the quick intuitive perception of the thought-enriched mind; which could aid him in difficulty, or wisely comfort him in doubt or despondency.

While a true woman's heart is so dependent in its needs for love and tender sympathies, man needs not fear that her brain will drain its sweet springs or blight its bloom. Literary honors are all too cold a reward to atone for the loss of the lightest of household loves. On woman devolve all the tender ministrations of home; and she who can not combine literary achievement with the performance of these duties, will be happier to let the pen lie idle; and she who could fail in that love that makes the household blessed, should hardly attempt, it seems to us, to send forth harmonies into the great world home.

Let a woman make the cultivation of her intellect harmonious with her life, but let her neglect no opportunities to develop and enrich her mind. Let her believe that life will expand

and beautify before her with every year of her mental growth. And if sweet melodies, and brave, clear thoughts are in her brain, let her joy in their expression as simply and naturally as that in any utterance of her nature. Let her sing of her love, of her sorrow, as her heart prompts; and let the true, the pure, find ever in her utterance a voice. Let her breathe words of comfort to the sorrowing, of hope and courage to those who wait for the word of cheer. Let her send forth sweet thoughts for the little child, and merry words to brighten the fireside group. And, O! let the divine truths, that come to her spirit in hours of musing, or sadness, or deep experience, go forth to bless the needy heart as they have blest her own. And, since to woman seems to be intrusted all that most ennobles, refines, and purifies the world, let her strive to live up to the sweet ideal within her, and make the expression of her life more beautiful than that of her pen.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

IT was a beautiful twilight; the western sky full of clouds, rosy and golden, piled and arched, with just the faintest somber tinge crowning the whole, enhancing the beauty of the radiant hues. The full moon glimmered through the eastern trees, and sent long waves and curves, tying up huge bouquets of pansies and lilies, and spreading out fan-like where the soft grass waved, and tossed, and bent downward, as if a thing of life, replete with joy at the flooding baptism. All this was in sight of Mrs. Edwards's open window, where she sat rocking backward and forward, with one hand upon her baby's crib, swaying it to the same motion, yet unheeding it, or aught except her own gloomy forebodings. For the first time in her married life her husband had been absent from home a week. It had been a trial from the first to have him go; and only his cheerful words, and the promise of daily letters, had won her consent; and now day after day had dragged on, and she had not received one line. Her imagination was very strong, and ruled her day and night; and the harassing picture of seeing him sink helpless before the buffeting waves, or lying stricken with fever among strangers, too delirious to give a clew to his home or friends, or waylaid and murdered, and his poor body hid where no kind hand could smooth the tangled locks and give it a decent burial, had taken from her appetite and rest, till she was weak as a child in reason.

"There, there, Mrs. Edwards, don't cry any more!" The words came sympathizingly, just as a motherly form came through the back door into the room, and paused with one hand on the weeping woman's shoulder.

"But, Mrs. Douglass, Lewis must be sick or killed. I did not get a word in to-day's mail, and it is a week."

"I know, Sarah said so, and I hurried up my work and came over, for I knew just how you would feel. But I do not think there is any thing wrong, there are so many causes for retention of letters. You are all worried out, and can only look on the dark side."

"I felt so sad before he started, and now I know it was almost a presentiment. You don't know."

"Yes, I do know; and when I look back over one worry and another that used to rob me of comfort, when it came out right after all, I always think how much happier we would be if we could trust God more, and feel that he rules, and does not willingly afflict his children. If we could only rest with the confidence that we do in our earthly fathers, and they, with the best intentions, often are weak in wisdom."

"But accident does come, and death sometimes."

"Yes, we must all die, and oftentimes a quick transition is a blessing. Think of a loved one going by lingering disease, painful days, and sleepless nights! But most of our worries are nothing but worries, all needless. We say in our prayers, 'Father, thou art unerring in wisdom, take us and do with us as thou seest for our good;' and then we go right away and fret and trouble, as if the care and destiny of our loved ones and ourselves was in our own hands. There is a peace in religion that the world can neither give nor take away, but with too many of us it takes many years of lessons to attain to that perfect peace."

"But he has come near being hurt so many times, Mrs. Douglass—when the lightning prostrated him, and last Fall when he cut him so near an artery."

"And yet escaped uninjured. You make me think of my Willie, who seems to have equal fear of the dark and cows. He came in at dusk the other night, and finding no one at home, he ran into the street crying very loudly. The neighbors finding they could not pacify him, told him the direction I had taken, and when he overtook me his form was quivering with the sobs that had convulsed him. I tried to reason with him, when he said he was afraid of the dark, and told him that God could take care of him in the dark as well as in the light,

and he would not let any thing hurt him, and questioned if he did not believe this. His reply was, 'I do n't know, mother. What makes him let the cows run after me, then?' 'But, Willie, he did not let them hurt you,' was all the reply that I could think of at the moment. I do not suppose that there is hardly a day of our lives that we are not in some danger, more often hid than apparent. Perhaps I was not in any more peril when in the Mississippi River than sitting here. I do not know."

"And I have lived by you so many years, and you have never told me."

"Are you sure? I have related it till it seems stale to me. I was a young woman, and had been on a trip with my husband, who was captain of the boat, far into the Indian Territory; and we had returned to St. Louis, and were lying by over night. Almost all the passengers had left for the city the night before, and I was quietly sleeping in my berth, when the wild cry of 'fire! fire!' startled me like the shock of an earthquake. I sprang from the berth, and as my husband opened the door the forked flames rushed in and caught the curtains and bed, and shot out lurid flames along the wainscoted ceiling. Mr. Douglass and I rushed to the end of the boat ere he remembered his papers and all the wealth of his profitable trip, and he told me to stay just where I was till he returned, and he disappeared, to find papers, money, and room eaten up by the devouring flames. The roof of the boat had been newly pitched, and the fire ran along it with hissing breath, and shot up into the air; and, quivering in my night-clothes, I stood, what seemed hours, for the return of my husband. Two of the crew had unloosed a boat and waited near by, almost under me, begging and pleading for me to jump into their arms. I told them that I should fall into the water and be drowned, but they said if I waited I should be burned to death, and they would surely catch me; and with them and the roaring, hissing flames urging me on I gave a spring, and the cold waters closed over my form. As I came up to the surface, under the burning boat, I could hear the frantic cries of my husband urging all to help save his wife, and let every thing else perish; and some of the crew crying out, 'Keep calm, Captain, we will surely rescue her,' and then the waters closed over me again. The third time that I was sinking I was lifted by my hair out of the water, and I knew no more till I was reclining upon a pile of lead on the shore, and an Indian was bending over me, chafing my arms, under a blanket taken from his own shoulders, and

rubbing my face as tenderly as if with a mother's hand. He had been the first to spring ashore when the flames burst out, and he knew what the others did not, or had forgotten in their excitement, that I had fallen where there was an eddy that would carry me up stream; and while the rest were searching below the boat, he was looking up stream, watching the bubbles that rose above my form, and sprang in as I was sinking the last time, and saved me alive. We would have loaded him with presents, but he would accept nothing but some flame-colored leggins, and a sort of loose gown that was made of bright-red material, scrawled over with yellow flowers, which he would wear with the greatest pride when he came up to the Planter's Hotel to make me a daily visit.

"If the Indian had not been in the boat; if he had not known that the eddy would carry me up stream; if he had missed me, at the last moment, I should have been given, if at all, to my husband's arms a lifeless corpse; and who ordered all this, Mrs. Edwards?"

"God does not let even a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, but I forget so often;" and then, abruptly, after holding her breath to listen a moment, "Did you hear the gate open?"

"Yes, a gentleman and lady are coming up the walk. It is Hattie Sinclair, I am sure."

Miss Hattie was a very unceremonious young woman, and before Mrs. Edwards could rise to her feet to answer the bell, whose loud peal brought baby's eyes wide open, the door was thrust ajar, and with the exulting words, "Here are your letters, Mrs. Edwards; they were carried by this morning and brought back after mail-time by the express train;" two white missives were thrown into her lap. Mrs. Edwards cried and laughed hysterically as she read them to herself, and then exclaimed, "It is the strangest thing! Not a word has he heard from home since he left! He thinks my letters must have been burnt in the great fire that destroyed the depot east. He says the trains connected so closely that he had not a moment to post a letter till the second day night; and to think how I have worried!"

"Catch me fretting so over a husband," said pretty Miss Hattie, as she turned a roguish look upon her attendant, and took his arm to leave; but Mrs. Douglass only said, "Mrs. Edwards, you will never forget this lesson;" and the reply, "No, no, never!" came softly as the now happy mother kneeled by her sleeping baby, ostensibly to kiss his soft fair cheek, but really to ask her Heavenly Father to forgive her for the sinful distrust.

HOW TO MAKE LIFE PLEASANT.

IT is a secret worth learning, to know how to be cheerful one's self, and how to make other people, and especially the home circle, happy. Some people seem to live in perpetual sunshine, and wherever they go, carry sunshine with them; others diffuse a kind of chilliness and gloom, and are always managing to say uncomfortable things. There are some persons who seem to treasure up things that are disagreeable on purpose. I can understand how a boy that never had been taught better, might carry torpedoes in his pocket, and delight to hrow them down at the feet of passers-by and see them bound; but I can not understand how an instructed and well-meaning person could do such a thing. And yet there are men that carry torpedoes all their life, and take pleasure in tossing them at people. "O," they say, "I have something now, and when I meet that man I will give it to him!" And they wait for the right company, and the right circumstances, and then they out with the most disagreeable things. And if they are remonstrated with, they say, "It is true," as if that was a justification of their conduct. If God should take all the things that are true of you, and make a scourge of them, and whip you with it, you would be the most miserable of men. But he does not use all the truth on you. And is there no law of kindness? Is there no desire to please and profit men? Have you a right to take any little story that you can pick up about a man, and use it in such a way as to injure him, or give him pain? And yet how many there are that seem to enjoy nothing so much as inflicting exquisite suffering upon a man in this way, when he can not help himself! Well, you know just how the devil feels! Whenever he has done any thing wicked, and has made somebody very unhappy, and laughs, he feels just as, for the time being, you feel, when you have done a cruel thing, and somebody is hurt, and it does you good.

This bears on another point—that of saying pleasing things instead of disagreeable things. There is a person that never fails to say a pleasant thing when I meet him. If for the sake of saying a pleasant thing he ever said an untrue thing, I should be sorry; but I trust that all of us do things in one place or another that are sufficiently praiseworthy to justify their being pleasantly spoken of; and I would rather have a person take notice of my good points than of my bad, and speak of them. It makes me happier, and I feel better toward him, and toward every body else. I suppose you feel

good when you are praised, do you not? I suppose that, for the time being, you feel benevolent. But this saying of pleasant things is often inveighed against by persons who, not being alive to the duty of pleasing, and not having a natural desire to please, think that many of these little attentions which people bestow on each other are foolish. For instance, if, meeting you, I see any thing pleasant about you, and say, "You are looking well," they stand back and say, "Flattering him! telling him that he looks well! Suppose he is handsome, is that any reason he should be told of it?" Yes, if being told it adds to his happiness. If a person meets a friend and says, "That is a charming dress you have on," they say, "Why should you talk to her about her dress, and tell her that it is beautiful?" Because it will please her.

If a man has done any thing that is creditable; if he has written an article, or issued a poem, or made a speech, or effected a bargain, or built a house, or done any thing else that reflects credit upon him, is it best to praise him for that, or to find fault with him for something which he has done that is not so creditable? Is it best to encourage men by commending them for that part of their conduct which is commendable, or to discourage them by holding up to condemnation that part of their conduct which is faulty? I know that there is danger of going to extremes in this direction; and yet it is right for us to maintain a thousand courtesies that tend to give pleasure, and to avoid many rudenesses that tend to give pain. Choose things that will please men. Nutgalls are not the only things in the world. There are roses and honeysuckles. Wasps are not the only things in the world. There is honey as well.

In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and no where else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house, you would have thought that they were angels, almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or any where else outside of their house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get

home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

My friends, our kindness should begin at home. It should not stay there; but there it should begin, and there it should be nourished. And no where else should you be so considerate of politeness as in your own house, when there is no body there but your wife and children; for what has a man that is worth more to him than his wife and children?

I think that there are non-Christian families—families that do not profess to know the truth, or to follow Christ—that might well be models or examples to us in single things.

HEART RELIGION.

RELIGION is designed to be a life; not a speculative truth; not a truth discussed and agitated, but a truth lived upon, fed upon, turned into the daily nourishment of the soul. Carry out its design, then. Do not talk religion, but live religion. Say of religion, "I need it, not to settle mooted points with, or decide doubtful questions, but to make me wise, to console me in my troubles, to bring me off conqueror in my temptations." Resolve to become acquainted with religion on that side of it. We are not saying that controversy is unnecessary, or that faith as it is in Jesus does not need bulwarks; but we are saying these bulwarks are not what we need to make us happy, however much they may be needed to make us safe. Fortifications are necessary, it may be, to the security of a town; there must be pieces of artillery on the rampart, and persons skilled to fire them; but the fortifications supply neither food, nor comfort, nor delight; persons do not look for these things from them; they are not a substitute for provisions, nor for parks or pleasure grounds.

Be assured that religion has its resources, its parks, and pleasure grounds. Seek not always to hang about its bulwarks, but resolve to enter into its gardens, and to expatiate in its pleasant places. In other words, strive with might and main, despite all the unkindness and want of sympathy of men, all the opposition, to live, in the depths of your mind, a life of communion

with God—communion calm, sweet, and unbroken. You may fail many times a day, at first, to maintain that beautiful, delicate state of mind, which is not ruptured at once by passion, or self-indulgence; that state of mind of which the two main ingredients are faith in God and love to man. But heal the wound by the blood and grace of Christ, and try again. You shall make progress by little and little in God's school, sure and solid, even if slow. When you are really acquainted with the fluctuations of the spiritual life, when you endeavor to keep the needle of the heart true to the pole of Divine love, and find it oscillating beneath your daily experience of the rude rocking of the sea of this world, there shall be no need then of any inducement to the study of the Scriptures. The interest of all other works will wane and fade in comparison of theirs. They are a book for the heart, and the heart, when awake to the interests of religion, is attracted toward them by an irresistible magnetism. There shall be no need then to testify to you of wondrous things in God's law, for your eye will itself discern and live in the enjoyment of them.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

BY MRS. J. E. AKERS.

O, A mighty stream is Time's broad river,
Bearing frail barks on its current ever!
As onward they ride,
O'er its surging tide,
Backward they turn on its bosom never;
But ever onward with restless motion
Through Death's dark gulf to Eternity's ocean.

Some hang out their lights and greet voyagers cheery,
Some shut out God's sunshine and drift lone and dreary;
As a meteor's gleam

Some pass down the stream,
While others long tossed on the billows grow weary,
And sigh for a rest from the wild waves' commotion
On the dim distant isle of Eternity's ocean.

Sailing to-day past the island of sorrow,
Touching on joy's sunny shore to-morrow,
Now on care's rocky coast,

By adverse winds tost,
Till from hope, the sure anchor, we confidence borrow;
And trimming our sails with joyous emotion
We steer for the star on Eternity's ocean.

Bear us gently on, O mighty river,
Toward the bright home of the blest forever!
And when life's gales are past,
May we anchor at last

Where storm winds and tempests can enter, no never,
And tune our sweet harps to new strains of devotion
On the beautiful isle of Eternity's ocean.

The Children's Repository.

CANINE PSYCHOLOGY.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

BROWN FRED.

WHEN I came over to this jolly country, intent on hunting and fishing mainly, and resolved that, whereas I had wrought hard for the best half of a man's life, and done what good I could in it, although well sprinkled, I fear, with unwitting evil of all sorts, I would now take mine ease in mine inn, and with my brown dog Fred for a companion, enjoy thankfully the rest of my golden days. I pitched my first tent in the suburbs of Boston, within hearing of the multitudinous laughter of the earth's great bed-fellow, the sea, who was always tossing and rolling about on his fat sides as if he had the pleasantest and the jolliest dreams in the world, and exulted through all the pulses of his booming tides in the vast wild life which tumbled his waters into music.

For many months Fred and I had the happiest time of it which people who love sport, and find it in the achievements of the gun and the fishing-rod, could possibly enjoy. There was established between us a genuine understanding. He knew precisely the duties which were required of him, and the reward he was certain to get for their faithful discharge. He was not so much a servant as a friend; and no Christian soul ever studied more anxiously the will and the wishes of the person whom he desired to serve than this brave and loving fellow studied mine. I was very much attached to him, it is true, and of course he knew it, for love is intensely magnetic, and begets love, in noble hearts; and brown Fred was noble—the most unselfish of canine examples.

He was treated by me, in all respects, with the highest consideration, for I designed to educate him to the full extent of his faculty, and see what sort of a thing a dog's soul might become when it was brought up in the nurture of affection and good manners. Always he entered the house with me, if not exactly arm in arm, at all events heel to heel, and generally the tip end of his cold snout was thrust in between the closed fingers of my right hand. I had taught him, as my housekeeper was particularly clean—had the clean fever every day, indeed—to remove the dirt in foul weather from his nimble pedestrian digits—in other

words, to wipe his feet on entering the hall door; and it was very comical—especially to a stranger who beheld him go through the accomplishment for the first time—to see him how doggedly he insisted of the last speck that it should vanish from his paws. I began by rubbing them clean upon the mat myself, and kept up this discipline every day for a fortnight—talking to him the while, and letting him see how I also cleansed my own boots—telling him that I required nothing of him in this particular which I did not impose upon myself; and that as he was a gentleman who lived in a decent house, and not in a common kennel like ordinary dogs of no degree, I should expect him to conform in all things to the habits of a gentleman. I am sure he fully comprehended the drift if not the words of my discourse, for he soon learned the pretty trick; and often, after I had deposited my rod in its sacred corner, or hung up my gun in its place, and was comfortably reclining on my chair, feet up and book in hand, Fred would ensconce himself upon the hearth-rug, and begin licking his hands and paws till they were as clean and bright as my lady's after a bath.

He was a universal favorite, and made friends with every one who came to the house, except beggars or ill-dressed, shuffling men. He knew a roguish gait, and the footstep afar off of a bad man.

You must know that I tried to give that dog a conscience—and sure I am that he had a bigger moral nature than a good many men whom I have known. Fred always did as he was bidden to do. If I told him that I had left my gloves at home and wanted them, he would go back, no matter how far the distance might be, and fetch them from the hall table, where they were always placed when I entered the house after a walk. Once, I had been out fishing in a boat all day, and it was nearly dark when I landed, and pulled the boat up on the shore. A misty twilight hung over the darkening river, and all the valley scenery was getting indistinct, mysterious, and artistic—suggesting a great deal, that is to say: over head the pale white stars were mustering for their lonely watch in the heavens, and all the air was alive with the croaking of frogs, and a thousand inarticulate voices; while far and near the wondrous fire-bugs—those couriers of the night genii, and friends of the fairies—burst around me in sudden jets of splendor, and then shut up as if one glimpse of their glory were enough for any mortal to see at once.

That was the landscape in which, as a foreground, my boat, myself, and brown Fred were

sent, you must understand; for Fred was with me, you may be sure; and after I had unloaded the boat, and got all my fishing-tackle and fishing baskets ashore, I flung as many things as I could carry over my shoulder, and taking the rest in my hands, started off for home. I had proceeded for about a mile when I missed a flagon basket which contained my "book for the day," and my writing materials. I was too tired to return for it—if I could help it—and bethought me that probably I might make Fred understand what I wanted. So I set down the "traps," and showing him a similar basket to that which I had lost, told him that he must go back and seek it, and bring it to his master. The intelligent old fellow looked at me so knowingly out of his large brown eyes as I explained to him that most probably he would find it in the boat, and not on the shore, that I felt certain he would return with it. I then affectionately stroked his glossy head, and bade him be off on his errand. In a moment he was gone, and I watched his rapid course till the darkness swallowed him up. Then I sat down on the grass and confidently awaited his return. He was soon back, and sure enough with the basket in his mouth, which he presently deposited at my feet, and then sprang up to my face to give me one of his dog's kisses. Was n't I delighted with the grand old fellow? and did n't I cover him with caresses? and did n't he get a "tee-total pill"—which, according to the "Birmingham blacksmith," is "beefsteak a yard long"—for his dinner that day on his arrival home? You may be sure that all these things befell him; and a very jolly dog he must have felt himself to be, as he lay down that night on the hearth-rug at his master's feet, in the cozy little study which overlooked the flower-garden.

I told you that I did my best to educate him. I gave him to understand that he was a gentleman, and that pains had been taken to teach him manners—that he must never quarrel with any other dog, nor fight unless he was right down obliged to do so in self-defense. He was a very high-spirited animal—very ambitious and proud, and would not allow any other dog to excel him in any feat, gymnastic or otherwise. I am quite sure that he understood all the lessons and admonitions which I gave him; and I am also sure that he had the faculty of conquering the bad passions of other dogs who came to molest him, by moral power. I have often seen, when driving or walking through a strange village, whole troops of dogs rush at him as if they would tear him to pieces. At such times he would quietly wait till they came up to him, when a mysterious

course of smelling went on all round among these dogs. They would smell Fred, and Fred would smell them. Then something else happened, which was the action of peace and friendship, and if reciprocated by the other dog or dogs, there was an end of all warlike feeling. If not reciprocated, then up went Fred's bristles, and after radiating from his eyes a mysterious moral influence, (Reader, I am certain about that, for 't is a fact,) he would walk off in a most dignified manner, and leave the baffled hounds to their wonder at this thing which the dog Fred had done. He was a true lover of his race. I never saw a dog so fond of other dogs; and if they were at all respectable he would "cotton" with them, and be their friend. But he knew an evil, mean dog, just as a generous boy knows an evil, mean boy when he sees him on the streets. All such he warned peremptorily off. Neither would he take the slightest notice of a barking, insolent cur. Many such have run out at him on the streets—bullied him—and tried his patience in all ways, but it was no use. He would not condescend to notice them at all. Once, however, a little dirty wretch, presuming upon his good-nature, flew at, and bit the noble fellow on the lip. This was something too much. Dog flesh and blood could not stand that—and I do n't think a man's could—so, in one moment, Fred caught him by the scuff of the neck, gave him one great shake, and flung him howling into the gutter—an example to all the dogs on that street.

I had taught him many little tricks, which were often amusing enough to the boys and girls who used to be very fond of coming to see the "squire," his books, pictures, and cabinet of curiosities. He would catch a cracker without fail when placed upon the tip of his nose—and he did this by throwing it up a foot high, and snapping at it as it fell. Then for a cracker as reward he would roll over three times, and laugh! You do n't believe that, do you? Physiologists and naturalists tell us that no animal can laugh but the biped man. Well, I do n't mean that he made his diaphragm shake, and had to hold both his sides with his paws when he did that feat, but he laughed for all that, when told to do so. I have seen many a man make a poorer attempt to laugh than Fred made. His nose, mouth, and face did absolutely resolve themselves into wrinkles, while his eyes had a most droll expression in them when he was performing this marvel. It was a laugh which has made me laugh a hundred times—and what is more, he seemed to know that he was laughing.

He knew pretty much all I said to him. I have talked to him for five and ten minutes at a time—praising, blaming, or admonishing him. If he marked a bird—which happened sometimes at the beginning of the season when he was very keen and excited—I have so shamed him by pointing to the bird that he looked as if he would sink into the very earth. He was a retriever, not a “bird dog” as they call setters and pointers hereabouts. And it was beautiful to see him fetch, the moment the ramrod was driven home after reloading. Sometimes it was a snipe, and it had fallen into the reeds, or the water. Then came in his useful nose, which never lost his master a single bird. Now and then, in the duck season, while waiting for the quarry between two lakes, or on the river side, he would lie down in fearful excitement, trembling all over like a reed—and it would happen that a duck would get winged or otherwise wounded sometimes, and fall into the water, where it would make vigorous efforts to get into the bushes and skulk, and die—poor thing! But Fred never gave up the chase. I have seen him follow a winged bird from dive to dive for half an hour—and once he was so near his game when it dived that he dived after it and caught it, and brought it ashore.

When I had my tent in the Chelsea Marshes near Boston, there was a man who attended to the railroad that crossed the river, who had a wooden shanty hard by, and a large water spaniel, about the best water dog I have ever seen. Morning after morning, during that very hot Summer, I used to take Fred down to this shanty, and the railway man would show us what exploits his dog would perform. It almost seemed as if he were amphibious, so extraordinary was his love for the water. He was literally at home in it for hours every day. He taught Fred to dive—to go down into the shallows of the sea ponds, and fetch up pebbles, and pieces of silver. Not that he was willing to become the brown dog's instructor—on the contrary, he always growled and barked, and would have fought Fred whenever he saw him repeat his tricks. Both dogs were of the same color, and both were ambitious. When the railway man sent his dog after a stone into the water away went both dogs—for Fred would follow, no matter where. He was a noble swimmer—but he had a trick of keeping his “hinder ends” quite passive when he swam, and appeared to use only his forefeet. And yet he swam very rapidly, and was hard to beat.

To show what emulation will do for a dog as well as a boy, or man, I will tell you a very strange thing that happened at this very Chelsea

Creek. A very high bridge ran over it to —, and one day a Frenchman came along with a celebrated French poodle which he was training for a wager. It was low tide, and this made the distance between the bridge and the water very much greater than it was at high tide. I met the man who owned the poodle on the bridge, and he told me what he was after. To my astonishment he took from a bag a large cork ball painted white; and showing this to the dog, he threw it into the creek below. In a moment the poodle plunged in after it, and to my utter horror Fred, who had been very much excited by the presence of this clever French dog and his previous performances, immediately followed him. My heart sunk within me, for I really believed the plunge from such a height of so large a dog would cut him to pieces. But judge of my astonishment when I saw the noble fellow emerge from the deep, and with a yelping tongue and fiery eye, breast the waters bravely, following every-where the smart poodle, and doing all that he did in the swimming line!

But I must close my long talk, boys. I meant to have told you what strange things happened to Fred and me, when, once upon a time, with an old Indian and a half-breed for companions, we made a twelve months' tour in the far west of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, after the earth mounds which are pictured all over the hills and prairies of those mighty States. But I have no time now. Fred is still alive and well, although he is now getting a little deaf, and a little gray like his master. He has a very beautiful home in which to spend his last days—a more beautiful spot, indeed, I think I never saw. And he deserves to be thus quartered in his old age. A little while ago Dame Prue came to see us, and was very sick. Fred, who lives in the house, was very much touched thereat, and went about from room to room as silently as a ghost. Once, when I was sick, he sat by my bedside all the while; and every now and then he would lift his paws upon the bedside, and lean over to ask me how I felt; and often he would lick my face when he thought I was asleep. If I wanted help, I used to send him down to say so, when he was sure to return with the right person. He was once stolen, and I lost him for three weeks. One morning in the snow time, I heard a scratch at the front door—and behold it was my dear old dog, dirty from long and weary travel, very lean and haggard looking, with a rope round his neck, which he had evidently gnawed in two and so gained his liberty. That was a meeting, I tell you! When I am in the

city if he loses me he goes to my usual haunts, and if he does not find me, he starts for the horse cars, and hunts through them all. If then he be unsuccessful, the conductor will ask him to lie down under the seat; and when he arrives at my street end he stops, and calls out, "Fred! Franklin-street!" and the old dog gets out like any other passenger who has paid his fare, and toddles off home.

BLESS HIM IN THE MORNING.

BY ISABELLA MILLER.

WHEN the dark of night is past,
And morn's radiant gleam is cast
Crimson o'er the eastern sky;
Where the sun is mounting high,
And all nature hymns her praise,
Let us, too, our matins raise,
All the lighter feelings scorning,
Kneel and bless Him in the morning!

Bless Him for the watch he kept
While night's shadows round us crept!
Bless Him for a morn so fair,
Flowers sweet, and perfumed air!
Bless Him for the calm sunshine,
For His glorious light divine,
For all joys our lives adorning,
Kindly bless Him in the morning!

Bless Him for the gift of hope
Shining all along life's slope,
Beautifying all the world
With its diamond dew impearled
In life's rarest, rosiest flowers;
Time-piece glad of golden hours,
For its sweet expectant warning,
Gladly bless Him in the morning!

Sweet Dispenser of our food,
Bounteous Giver of all good;
He who lights the torch of morn
With its blazing beauties born;
He who plumes the warbler's wing
Kindly plants the flowers of Spring;
With all sweets the world adorning,
Let us bless Him in the morning!

BIRDIE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

MERRY little birdie!
All the Summer day
Dancing on the carpet,
Singing at her play;
Busy little fingers,
Restless little feet,
Tongue that never ceases
From its questions sweet.

Tired little birdie!
When the day is done,
Weary of her frolic,
Weary of her fun;
Blue eyes full of shadows,
White lids dropping down;
Mouth too grave for smiling,
Brow too calm to frown.

Quiet little birdie!
In her night-gown white,
Holding up her red lips
With a sweet, "good-night!"
Whispers, "Now I lay me"—
"Tender Shepherd keep"—
Ere the prayer is ended
Birdie's fast asleep.

THE STRUGGLE AND THE VICTORY.

"JOHNNY," said a farmer to his little boy,
"it is time for you to go to the pasture
and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing at ball, and the pasture was a long way off, but he was accustomed to obey; so off he started without a word, as fast as his legs could carry him. Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle out; and one fine cow in trying to crowd over stumbled, and fell down, with her leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself, "Now, what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter, "you found the bars half down, and the cow lying there."

"No, I can't say that," said Johnny, "for it would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of farmer Brown's threw a stone, and hurried her so that she fell and broke a leg."

"No, no," said Johnny, "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell my father the truth. I was in a hurry, and frightened the poor creature, and so she fell and broke her leg."

So, having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him; and he went straight to his father, and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do?

He laid his hand on Johnny's head, and said, "My dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own than that my boy should tell an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

AFFECTION.—How much more we might make of our family life, if our friendship, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal caresses, of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, of fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they are relations.

Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearings under the hands of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out of neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

Two causes, in our Anglo-Saxon nature, prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life—the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness. "I perfectly long to tell so-and-so how I admired her, the other day," said Mrs. X. "Then why in the world did n't you tell her?" "O, it would seem like flattery, you know!" Now, what is flattery? Flattery is *insincere* praise, given from interested motives, but not the sincere utterance of a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him. And so, for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on, side by side, with those they love and admire, giving them, all the time, the impression of utter indifference.

Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children, by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns, with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when an open expression of a father's love would be worth more than a church or sermon to a boy; and his father can not utter it—will not show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, outspoken persons—the German and the French—has a habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against and struggle for outward expression.

We can educate ourselves out of it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not to love, but to be loving; not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves

say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips; do the gentle and hopeful deeds which we long to do, and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love; the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts of the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices, answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.—*H. B. Stowe.*

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to do without that which you do not really need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

HOME INFLUENCE.—"As the mother, so the daughter." Kind parent, have you ever thought of this? And have you endeavored to conduct the affairs of your family circle accordingly, so that the good influence of the home circle might be brought to bear on the social interests of your youthful family growing up around you? These are momentous questions to the parent of the present generation, when there is so much wickedness in the world. Let us, in this humble way, strive to advise Christian parents, with a view to the bringing up and nurture of their offspring with which God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, has blessed them.

Every day should be commenced and closed with family devotion—the reading of the Scripture and the offering up of a prayer—and on this service every one of the family should be required to attend; for, unless you make it open and free to all—members of your immediate household and domestics—you throw away that influence which, once lost, can never be regained. Never think of sitting down to your meals with your family without returning thanks to the Giver of every bounty for the gifts spread before you. This, too, goes

hand in hand with family devotions, and will soon show its influence in after years, if not now.

Make your homes pleasant for your children at all times, and, especially, when at that age when they are molding their characters for their future life. How many young men have been 'ruined' for life in this way! and when asked the reason, invariably reply, "My home has no attractions for me. My father beats me, and my mother is always finding fault and scolding me. I would rather spend my time in the street among my fellows, than be the butt and jeer of my parents, from whom I should receive nothing but kindness." And there are many young men, also, on the downward road to ruin, whose career is to be attributed to the evil influences and unattractiveness of the family circle. Remember, you are rearing immortal souls, and just as you faithfully act your part in the family, and train up your children in the way they should go, so will you receive your reward for the part thus performed. The training of children rightly is a work not only for all time, but for all eternity. So think of it and so act.

May God give all parents grace to act well their part toward the young intrusted to their care, so that the good seed sown in youth may spring up and bring forth good fruit in man and womanhood!

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his ease and refinement, and tact and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of, any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power or rank or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule or sarcasm or abuse—as he never indulges in habits or tricks or inclinations which may be offensive to others. He feels, as a mere member of society, that he has no right to trespass upon others, to wound or annoy them. And he feels, as a Christian, that they are his brothers—that, as his brothers, they are children, like himself, of God—members, like himself, of Christ—heirs, like himself, of the kingdom of heaven.—*Quarterly Review.*

WITTY AND WISE.

A SIMILE.—The old Duke of Cumberland was one night playing at hazard at Beaufort-House, with a great heap of gold before him, when somebody said "he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered, "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.—M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day."

RELIGION UNDER DIFFICULTY.—A contributor to the "Drawer" of Harper's Monthly tells a story of a certain deacon, who was one of the best of men, but by nature very irascible: A cow was so exceedingly disorderly as the deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him, and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very undecorous in their character. At this moment the good deacon's pastor appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced his presence by saying, "Why, deacon, can it be? Are you swearing?" "Well, parson," replied the deacon, "I didn't think of any one being near by; but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion as long as I keep this cow!"

AN IRISH BULL.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, the more powerful man of the two—at the fists, at least—knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation: "No, sir, never. I defy you! I defy you! *You could not do it.*"

AN IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCE.—A pleasant anecdote is related of Robert Stephenson. In a professional talk with Brunel, the latter expressed great dissatisfaction with the treatment received from his contractors. Stephenson answering that Brunel suspected people too much, the latter engineer replied, "I suspect all men to be rogues till I find them to be honest men." "For my part," returned Stephenson, "I take all men to be honest till I find them to be rogues." "Ah, then we never shall agree," quoth Brunel. "Never," said Stephenson.

ABOUT BONNETS.—A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore, had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain.

"O, no," replied he, "ladies who have brains do n't wear them."

Scripture Satire.

BIBLE INSPIRATION.—The pulpit and the religious press teem, more and more, with statements and publications of the most incoherent and contradictory character. Religious freedom is carried to the extent of being transformed into the freedom of being irreligious, and the flat denial of truths unquestionably taught in the Bible, for instance, the essential importance of the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ—1 Cor. xv, 13-18—is passed over as a legitimate application of independent interpretation. Now, whatever may be the discrepancies of opinion, we are not entitled to suppose that men who profess to make the Bible the rule of their faith and the fountain of their salvation, are in reality so little conversant with its contents as unknowingly to stumble against its most elementary principles. But then, if all possess a similar knowledge of the same documents, the cause of the wide difference in interpretation must exist in some external circumstance. This is found, *first*, in the different views taken of the Bible itself; and, *second*, in the principles adopted in reference to its interpretation. On the first of these points I submit, that for myself and my colleagues, the Bible is a book inspired by the Holy Spirit, and not only, as many weak doctors would have it, a book containing the revelation of God, but mixed up with an alloy of many things which come not from God, and from the infirmity, ignorance, and prejudice of men. I insist upon the necessity of taking the words of the Bible in connection with the ideas expressed, as proceeding equally from God, who has not left it for any mortal man to state Divine truths according to his human conception of them, but who first prepared his "holy men" for their work, and then "moved" them by the "Holy Ghost," that they might speak and write. With regard in the understanding and expounding of Scripture, I remark, that many undertake to expound who are not aware that they do not themselves understand, because they are not endowed with the Spirit promised to those who belong to God's redeemed family. The same Spirit whose indwelling, to a measure, was necessary for the prophets and apostles to write the holy books of Scripture, is necessary, in another measure, for every Christian to understand those deep things of God. He who has not received that Spirit may understand all matters of human reasoning or science, but he can not, by any possibility, understand the heavenly wisdom of Christ. It is, then, only natural to find them flying off into all kinds of unchristian errors, when the Spirit of Christ is not their teacher; and far from being shaken in our faith by their unfounded assertions, we should feel the more strongly our privilege, as being "children of God," to be "led by the Spirit of God." Far from being carried away, we should be strengthened in our profession, to remain steadfast unto the end.—*Prof. De La Harpe, Geneva.*

THE GREAT SACRIFICE FOR MAN.—Corrupt and wicked as men may be, it is impossible for them not

to honor, not to love, not to adore the sacrifice of self for the sake of others. No matter how humiliating, how ignominious, how shameful the circumstances that attend a grand moral sacrifice, these temporal considerations at last fall away before the gaze, and we see nothing left but the moral beauty of the sacrifice. And so it is preëminently in the crucifixion of Jesus. Nothing at the time may have seemed more improbable than that the story of the man who was condemned, and mocked, and crucified amid the contempt of a nation, should be destined to touch the profoundest feelings of our nature in savage and in civilized lands alike. But experience shows it does have this marvelous power. The name of other sufferers affects us tenderly. The story of Socrates will always have this charm for the reflective reader of history, that it exhibits the triumph of virtue amid unmerited condemnation; the story of Paul has an attraction for us far more absorbing, as we read of his cruel sufferings and death. Never does the apostle appear grander in our eyes than when he kneeled to the sword of the headsman amid the shouts and execrations of the Roman amphitheater. But the story of Jesus has an infinitely higher charm, an infinitely more engaging pathos. At this moment there are millions of bosoms in the world that beat quicker at the thought of that name, hearts that melt at the memory of one whom they never saw, who lived and suffered for them centuries ago. How his words have come true, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me!" How remote from probability the saying, how far from the anticipations of men, as they saw him lifted up indeed upon the cross of shame! The man who would, at that moment, have announced the wondrous future of this sufferer, might easily have been regarded as insane. Yet the presence of that memory has smoothed more dying beds, has comforted more riven hearts, has sustained more afflicted souls, has nerved more persecuted spirits, and inspired more undying aspirations after good, than all other associations the whole universe can present. Dear is the love of friends, sweet is the bond of sympathy, that binds kindred soul to soul, delightful the consolations of philosophy; but O, how infinitely more dear, more sweet, more delightful the love, the sympathy, the consolations of the Crucified! This is the moving theme of the Gospel—the Cross, the *Cross*, the *Cross* of Christ, no longer the shame, but now the transcendent glory of the Church.—*Prof. Williams.*

LITTLE THINGS IN RELIGIOUS LIFE.—Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the rivers great and mighty," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little

sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little words or tones; little be-

nevolences or forbearances, or tenderness, little self-denials, self-restraints, and self-thoughtfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality, and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day; these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. He who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Science, M. Serres communicated a paper on the *Clytodon Claripes*, an enormous antediluvian quadruped of the armadillo genus, but of the size of an elephant. Hitherto no complete skeleton of this wonderful animal has been found. Owen, Lund, Nodot, Huxley, and Burmeister had only had incomplete fragments at their disposal; but M. Serres has at length succeeded in reconstructing its skeleton, which will very shortly be exposed to public view at the Museum of Comparative Anatomy at the Garden of Plants. The total length of the creature is three hundred and thirty meters, or nearly eleven feet; its height from the ground to the top of the crests which support its bony armor, is four feet. The head, which had only been till now described on the evidence of mere fragments belonging to different individuals, is entire; its vertical diameter is equal to its transversal one; namely, about 15½ inches.

FRENCH PRIESTS.—In France there are 78,584 priests, and 102,119 minor ecclesiastics, 86 archbishops, 3,517 cures, and 189 vicars-general belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. Of this clerical army only 65,000 are paid by Government, the remainder being supported by the Church. The sum thus supplied amounts annually to 218,092,690*f*. The religious communities are divided into three classes—educational, hospitable, and contemplative. Of the latter there are 12,141 who remain in a perpetual state of prayer and meditation. There are 1,085 Jesuits, of whom 232 meditate and pray.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant deprived of heaven's free light will grow up a shapeless idiot instead of a beautiful and responsible being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many are incapable of any articulate speech: some are deaf, some blind, some labor under all these privations, and are all misshapen in some part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthi-

ness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

QUEENS SHALL BE THY NURSING MOTHERS.—The following is a beautiful example of Scripture fulfillment: "At the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the venerable Rev. Mr. Ellis, in giving an account of his visit to Madagascar, said that in the drafts sent from England of a proposed treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar, there occurred these remarkable words: "Queen Victoria asks as a matter of personal favor to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." In the treaty that was signed a month before he came over there occurred these words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of Christians in Madagascar."

SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH.—A French artist, M. Bazin, has been experimenting lately, with the design of obtaining photographs of sunken vessels, so that in attempting to raise the same positive knowledge can be had of their relative positions. To accomplish this M. Bazin descends to the necessary depth in a strong sheet-iron box, which he calls his "photographic chamber." Thick glass windows afford every facility for making the necessary preliminary observations, and the picture is taken by the aid of a strong electrical light.

An unpleasant feature of the apparatus, and one which would not recommend it to pleasure seekers, is that the operator is absolutely hermetically sealed, for no means are provided for supplying air, the chamber being constructed of a proper size to contain the quantity required during the ten or twelve minutes occupied in obtaining a negative.

A ROMISH MIRACLE.—A singular discovery has just been made in Milan. In one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which, from time

immemorial, miraculously poured its tears on infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution, it wept copiously. It had happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue. What was the surprise of the workmen to find that it contained a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base! The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran drop by drop over the cheeks.

A LAKE WITH A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM.—Ottawa Lake, in Whiteford, Monroe county, Mich., is about

two miles long, half a mile wide, and about forty feet deep when full in the deepest part. It discharges a large amount of water in the Spring through its outlet, which forms the north branch of the Ottawa Creek at Sylvania. This lake has been nearly dry three or four times within the last thirty years. At such times a whirlpool is seen in the center, into which cakes of ice and other floating articles are drawn and disappear; and, if you are near this whirlpool, you will hear the roar of the waterfall. In the Winter of 1862-63 the ice over where the whirlpool is when the water is low, was broken, and the cakes of it thrown on the other ice by air escaping from below, and then the lake settled about five inches in twelve hours.

Library Notices.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. By Nathaniel Holmes. 12mo. Pp. 601. \$2.25. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The design of the author and the character of this work are sufficiently indicated by the following extract from his preface: "An article appeared in Putnam's Magazine for January, 1856—afterward known to have been written by Delia Bacon—in which some general considerations were set forth with much eloquence and ability, why William Shakspeare could not have written the plays which have been attributed to him; and the opinion was also pretty distinctly intimated, that Lord Bacon was the real author of them, or, at least, that he had had some hand in the work; but no proofs were then adduced. Being much struck with this idea, and for my own satisfaction, I began to look for the evidence on which such a proposition might rest; and finding it very considerable, and indeed quite amazing, I had thrown my notes into some form before the publication of Miss Bacon's work in 1857. Her book not appearing to have satisfied the critical world of the truth of her theory, much more than the 'Letter to Lord Ellesmere,' by Mr. William Henry Smith, I have thought it worth while to give them the results of my studies also, which have been considerably extended since that date; and if enough be not found herein to settle the question on impregnable grounds, it may at least tend to exculpate them from any supposition of mental aberration in so far as they have ascribed this authorship to Francis Bacon. But I do not at all agree with her opinion that any other person had a hand in the work; on the contrary, I will endeavor to show that the whole genuine canon of Shakspeare was written by this one and the same author." Whatever may be thought of the author's argument, the book will be found a very interesting one, casting a great deal of light on Shakspeare and his plays, and also on Lord Bacon as philosopher and poet.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. By J. Ross Browne, author of "Yusef," "Cruoe's Island," etc. Illustrated by the author. 12mo. Pp. 381. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Browne is the author of several very inter-

esting books concerning countries, men, and things, and in the present volume loses none of his sprightly ease and dashing earnestness. It is a very lively and entertaining description of a tour through various parts of Europe, chiefly in Germany, and of a flying visit to Algeria. He dashes off his impressions *currente calamo*, and says of himself, "I have here given my experiences of life and character, warning you that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way, as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to pass the night, picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat."

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTIC MEN. By Edwin P. Whipple. 12mo. Pp. 324. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Mr. Whipple has long since made his mark as an essayist and lecturer; the volume before us is in his own special line, and presents the lecture expanded and expurgated into the essay. The subjects are well chosen, the treatment is able, and the style excellent. The first and second essays, "Character" and "Eccentric Character," the fifth, "The American Mind," and the twelfth, "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution," we have read with special interest. We wish the author had taken time to rewrite the essay on the American Mind, as it was written before the rebellion. The light of recent events, as he himself says, makes his essay look antiquated. His estimate of Washington is one of the best we have ever read. Besides the essays mentioned there are others—The English Mind, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Agassiz, etc.

A YANKEE IN CANADA, WITH ANTISLAVEY AND REFORM PAPERS. By Henry D. Thoreau, "Author of a Week on the Concord and Merrimack," "Cape Cod," etc. 12mo. Pp. 286. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—In six chapters the author describes, in his entertaining style, a trip to Canada. Few writers could tell it better than Thoreau. But the best part of the book is the Antislavery and Reform Papers. Among these we name as rich and racy—Slavery in Massachusetts, Civil Disobedience, Thomas Carlyle and his Works, Life Without Principle, Wendell Phillips, and John Brown.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—These poems are presented in the beautiful "blue and gold" style which has become characteristic of the poetic issues of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. From the brief memoir which precedes the poems we gather the following facts: Mr. Hervey was born in Paisely, in 1802. He was educated in the first instance at a private school, afterward at the Manchester Free Grammar School, and subsequently at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first poetic effort of importance was the poem entitled, "Australia," which was commenced as a prize poem. But his muse having lured him considerably beyond the limits to which collegiate poets are ordinarily restricted, he resolved to work out his idea without reference to his original object. "It contains passages which, for vigor, melody, and curious felicity of diction, have seldom been distanced by modern writers of the heroic couplet." The "Convict Ship" first made its appearance in the "Literary Souvenir" in 1825, and in after years many charming lyrics were published from time to time in that periodical, the "Amulet" and "Friendship's Offering." Many of his poems display an intimate acquaintance with the best models, and are graceful, melodious, and intelligible. For upward of twenty years Mr. Hervey was an extensive contributor of critical essays to the "Art Journal" and the "Athenæum," and for eight years was the editor of the latter journal. He died in February, 1859.

THE PILLARS OF TRUTH: A Series of Sermons on the Decalogue. By E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D. 16mo. Pp. 240. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—These discourses were delivered before the students of the University of Michigan, in the College Chapel, on Sabbath afternoons, and are published at the request of the Young Men's Christian Association of the University. The author has not thought it advisable to change their form or matter, and they therefore reach the public with the freshness, ease, and popular cast given to them for the purpose of interesting an audience. They constitute a plain, practical, direct, and faithful exposition of the ten commandments.

THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN: A Portraiture of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; with Sketches of British Anti-slavery Reform. By Z. A. Mudge, Author of "Lady Huntingdon Portrayed." Four Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 268. New York: Carlton & Porter.—Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was one of the co-laborers of Wilberforce in bringing about the extinction of slavery in British dominions. It is the life of an indefatigable and successful philanthropist, accomplishing through irrepressible zeal a great reform in behalf of poor laborers, and prison-convicts, and a glorious emancipation for hundreds of thousands of slaves. It is an admirable book for the young, for whom it is mainly written.

A PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT OF THE DEBATES AND ADDRESSES, together with the Essays and Resolutions of the New England Methodist Centenary Convention, held in Boston, June, 1866. 8vo. Pp. 239. \$1.25.

Boston: B. B. Russell & Co.—The mere announcement of this interesting work we think sufficient to commend it to every Methodist family. It may be well to state that the book contains the essays, discussions, and all the proceedings—including the valuable statistical matters in full presented by Rev. D. Dorchester—of the New England Convention. No Methodist library is complete without this book. The publishers have issued a few more copies than are wanted for subscribers. The work is not stereotyped. When the present edition is exhausted there will be no more to be had; so persons who have not subscribed, wishing for a copy, should secure it at once, by addressing the publishers.

STATISTICAL HISTORY OF THE FIRST CENTURY OF AMERICAN METHODISM: with a Summary of the Origin and Present Operations of other Denominations. By Rev. C. C. Goss. 16mo. Pp. 188. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a most valuable little book. Its object is to present, in a condensed form, the statistics and important events connected with the origin, growth, and legislation of Methodism in the United States during its first century. It is not a history, but a manual or hand-book of the Church, in which events are arranged in chronological order, and statistical items of the past and present are gathered together for easy reference. It is an epitome of Methodism for the past hundred years. It ought to be in every Methodist library.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE TRINITY, AND OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST: As against the various forms of Modern Unitarianism. By Hiram Mattison, D. D., Author of the "Immortality of the Soul," "Resurrection of the Body," etc. 18mo. Pp. 162. 60 cts. New York: Carlton & Porter.—This is the ninth edition of a work that has had a steady sale for years, and is regarded by many as the ablest and most useful book the author has ever written. Dr. Mattison is a close reasoner and an easy writer. The reissuing of so brief, concise, and clear a defense of the doctrine of the Trinity can not fail to be timely and beneficial.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet-Laureate. Complete edition. \$1.25. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The publishers style this the "Diamond Tennyson," and certainly it is a happy and appropriate title; and the idea of issuing the poems of the "Laureate" in this neat and convenient form is an excellent one. It may be regarded as a model of beauty, compactness, and cheapness in book-making. It comprises the entire poems of Tennyson, issued in a new form, and at a price which will place it within the reach of all.

APPLETON'S HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. THE SOUTHERN TOUR. By Edward H. Hall. 12mo. Pp. 142. Double Columns. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This book contains an ample supply of all kinds of information which the traveler could desire in making a tour through any or all of the Southern States. It has descriptive sketches of the cities, towns, battle-fields, mountains, rivers, lakes, hunting and fishing grounds, Summer resorts, and all scenes and objects of importance and interest. It is supplied with maps of the

leading routes of travel and of the principal cities. It is an excellent geography of the South, and an indispensable guide-book to the traveler.

THE MINOR PROPHETS: With Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical; Designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. Henry Cowles. 8vo. Pp. 424. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—We have only had time as yet to give a cursory examination to this book. It strikes us as meeting a want by furnishing a good popular exposition of the minor prophets, for, though evidently the work of a scholar and exhibiting the evidences of thorough Biblical learning, it is not addressed only or chiefly to the wants of scholars, but of all English readers. It embodies the results of much research, and elucidates the text of the sacred Scriptures with admirable force and simplicity. A brief but comprehensive historical introduction to each book of all the minor prophets is furnished; and the notes, while exhibiting philological precision, have, besides an unction, a certain ripeness of devout appreciation truly grateful to every pious student of the holy oracles.

RED-LETTER DAYS IN APPLETHORPE. By Gail Hamilton. Square 18mo. Pp. 141. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.—Another book from the well-known pen of Gail Hamilton, designed for the little folks. Of course it is spirited and easy, and in this particular case, we think we can say good and wholesome. We are sure the ten papers which it contains can not fail to please the children. Yet we do not commend it as a book for Sunday or the Sunday school, as it is almost wholly occupied about secular matters. The "Red-Letter Days" are New-Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, May-day, Birthday, Fourth of July, Christmas, etc.

A PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. Upon the basis of the works of Geo. R. Perkins, L. L. D. 12mo. Pp. 323. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Mr. Quackenbos is already the author of a large number of excellent and popular school-books. It is now only necessary to say that this is the third series of arithmetics which the author is preparing, and that it is designed for all ordinary classes in our public and private schools.

ONE HUNDRED GOLD DOLLARS.—By Mrs. J. E. McConaughy. 12mo. Pp. 255. Philadelphia: J. C.

Garrigues & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Mrs. McConaughy is well known to the readers of the Repository as one of our favorite contributors to the "Children's Department." Here she has written an interesting and good story, illustrating the true mode of making money and getting rich by honesty and industry. The boys will read it with relish. It is beautifully illustrated with colored pictures.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*All in the Dark.* By J. Sheridan Le Fann, author of "Guy Deverell," "Uncle Silas," etc. No. 276 Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper, 50 cents.

Bound to the Wheel. By John Saunders, author of "Abel Drake's Wife," etc. No. 275 Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper, 75 cents.

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade, author of "Never Too Late to Mend," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The Hidden Sin. 8vo. Pp. 189. Cloth. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co.

Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliott, author of "Adam Bede," etc. No. 274 Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper, 75 cents. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for October, 1866. *The Westminster Review, October, 1866.* *North British Review, October, 1866.*—These are the American editions of these Reviews, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker-street, New York.

The Moral Beauty and Ultimate Glory of a Consecrated Life.—A discourse in memory of Melvin A. Pingree. Delivered by Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., at Evanston, Ill.

Catalogue and Circular of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, October, 1866.—Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, D. D., President; Students, 93.

Catalogue and Circular of the Onondaga Conference Seminary, 1866-67, Cazenovia, New York.—Rev. Albert S. Graves, M. A., Principal; Students, 586.

Catalogue of Science Hill Female Academy, 1865-66, Shelbyville, Kentucky.—Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, Principal; Students, 216.

Prospectus Mount Washington Female College, Near Mount Washington, Baltimore County, Maryland.—Rev. James A. M'Cauley, A. M., President.

Circular of Quincy College, Quincy, Illinois.—Rev. R. Andrus, A. M., President. For ladies and gentlemen.

Editor's Table.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—The present number closes the twenty-sixth volume of the Repository. For more than a quarter of a century our beautiful Magazine has been making its monthly visits to thousands and tens of thousands of the families of our land, bearing its freight of wisdom, beauty, and amusement, and mingling its silent influence with a thousand other forces in making those families wiser, purer, and happier. We trust the volume that now closes has been

no less efficient in this good work than its predecessors. We are very certain that as far as our own efforts are concerned, they have been no less earnest and constant to maintain the high character of the Repository than in previous years. We feel, too, that the additional experience we have gained has enabled us to work more easily, and with better adaptedness to the wants of our readers. As we review the volume at its close, we send it forth wishing it was very much better,

but thankful that we have been able to do as well as we have done. This thankfulness is due to God for his merciful providence in granting health and strength under very trying circumstances, and enabling us, while almost overwhelmed in spirit, to continue in the discharge of our duties. Our gratitude is due, also, to our indulgent patrons, and to our generous and patient contributors. From many of our patrons and contributors we have received letters of sympathy, of commendation, and encouragement. To scarcely any of these have we thought it best to reply. But now, as at the time of their reception, we most heartily thank the writers, and assure them that nothing encourages us more in our work than these little notes, telling us of the pleasure and profit derived from the pages of our magazine. We do not bid farewell to any of our subscribers; we expect to greet you all with our new volume, and to have your company, if a merciful Providence spare our lives through the literary voyage of another year. To patrons, contributors, agents, and exchanges we give our hearty thanks, feeling that we are greatly indebted to our friends all over the country who have done so much to encourage us, and to contribute to the success of this important interest of the Church.

THE NEW VOLUME.—The object we aim at is to discourage an impure literature by furnishing the American public, and especially the members and friends of our own Church, with a pure and elegant magazine which every family can admit into its social circle, with confident expectation of good results, and without any possibility of contamination. The coming volume, we have reason to believe, will still surpass its predecessors, because we propose to do more than ever for the perfection of its character. Arrangements are made for furnishing some very desirable portraits, and Messrs. Hinshelwood, Wellstood, and Jones will supply, as heretofore, engravings of landscapes, historic, and ideal scenes executed in the highest perfection of the art. With our excellent corps of well-tried contributors, with special arrangements made with some of our best writers for the treatment of special subjects, and with our enlarged facilities for selections from home and foreign journals, we promise our readers a superior volume of the Repository for 1867. The publishers inform us that it will be necessary to continue the same terms of three dollars and fifty cents for the volume. None can more earnestly wish it were possible to reduce the subscription price than do we; but from the figures shown us by the publishers we are satisfied that the cost of paper, labor, engraving, etc., will no more admit of a reduction now than a year ago. It is needless for us to re-argue this question. We must rest the Repository on its own merits, and the steadfastness of its friends during the present necessity. We had a handsome increase of our subscription list for the last volume, and we are confident that a little further effort on the part of the friends of the Repository, would not only save us from any falling off from our list, but would give us an increase also for 1867.

ANOTHER CENTENARY ENGRAVING.—A fine steel plate drawn by I. Hollis, engraved by J. C. Buttre, and bearing the imprint of Messrs. Carlton & Porter, of New York, B. B. Russell & Co. and J. P. Magee, of

Boston, and Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati and Chicago, as publishers, lies on our table. It is another effort, and a very beautiful one, to illustrate the Centenary of Methodism. We believe Mr. Buttre, whose name and whose skill as an engraver of portraits are well known to the readers of the Repository, is the originator chiefly of the enterprise, and he deserves encouragement and success; and the picture, we think, will commend itself as a work of art. At the top, in the left-hand corner, is the burning of Epworth parsonage and the deliverance of John Wesley from the consuming building. In the right-hand corner is Wesley preaching. At the bottom, in the left-hand corner, we have the first John-Street Church, and in the right-hand corner Tremont-Street Church, Boston. In the center is a pioneer preacher on his horse, with the log-cabin and the people outside awaiting his coming. Around this center are grouped the likenesses of all the Bishops of our Church from its organization, except those who withdrew in 1844.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We appropriately close our embellishments of the Centenary year with the "Graves of Barbara and Paul Heck," and an excellent portrait of Governor Van Cortland, a gentleman of the olden time, an early and fast friend of Methodism in its infancy and youth. Rev. J. B. Wakeley, who lives and revels in the heroic memories of our early history, has given us a sprightly and very interesting sketch of the old hero, Governor, and Christian. Mrs. Palmer, whose name is in all the Churches, and through whose kindness we were able to secure the sketch from which our engraving was made, has also furnished us a brief account of her visit to "the grave of Barbara Heck." We had intended to accompany the engraving with a full description of the resting-place of the sainted foundress of American Methodism, but the exigencies of space in our concluding number forbid it. We can only say that these graves are in the "Old Blue Church Graveyard," near the town of Augusta, Canada West, nearly midway between Maitland and Prescott. It is a pleasant, rural cemetery, lying a few rods from the River St. Lawrence, on its sloping northern bank. Here is found the resting-place of the "Heck family," numbering fifteen graves. In about the center of a row, where the figures are standing in the engraving, are the graves of Paul and Barbara Heck. Nearer the center of the "graveyard" are also found the graves of John and Catherine Lawrence. Mrs. Lawrence was formerly the wife of Philip Embury. Thus four of the five members who constituted the first class formed by Mr. Embury lie buried in "the Old Blue Church Graveyard."

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Religious Literature an Element in Youthful Culture; Holy Week at Rome; Lazzellie, the Little Circus Boy; Discontent; The Conquest of Jerusalem; William Farel; Nellie Curtis; Widowed; By and By; Given to God; and The Narrow Vale.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we must set aside, some of them, of course, as not up to our standard, but some also with regret. The Fields are White; New-Year's Night of an Unhappy Man; Our Hereafter; Fasting; Our Little Mary; Hidden Life; We shall all be Changed; Across the Street; Resurrection; and Lines to an Absent Sister.



Vol. XXVI.

December, 1866.

No. 12.

THE
LADIES'
REPOSITORY
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE & RELIGION.



HOWLAND & SONS, N.Y.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

A General Literary and Religious Magazine for the Family.

Each number contains sixty-four superroyal octavo pages, double column; printed on the finest calendered paper. Also two original steel engravings, besides an elegant Title-Page for the January number, also engraved on steel. For amount and quality of reading matter, for mechanical execution and illustrations, the Repository will compare favorably with any other magazine published in the country. **Terms: Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, invariably in advance. No Subscription received for less than one entire Volume.**

This periodical is published monthly at Cincinnati and New York. All traveling preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents. Cash in advance will be expected in all cases. This can be paid to any of our authorized agents, who can order it charged to their account, if not convenient to remit. All communications containing remittances or subscriptions should be addressed to the Publishers; those designed for publication to the Editor, at Cincinnati.

POE & HITCHCOCK, Cincinnati.
CARLTON & PORTER, New York.

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The Ladies' Repository.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME—1867.

A GENERAL LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE FOR THE FAMILY.

PUBLISHED BY

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CARLTON & PORTER, NEW YORK, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.

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THE design of the Publishers in issuing this monthly is to furnish to the Christian public a pure and elegant literature, and it will be the aim of the Editor to present to our Christian families every month a magazine that the most careful and judicious parents may feel entirely safe in placing in the hands of every member of the family—a magazine elegant, chaste, and pure, such as will cultivate the taste and ennoble all the aims of life. The REPOSITORY is a Christian family magazine, and it will be our constant aim to adapt it especially to the moral and literary wants of the family. It will still be printed on the FINEST CALENDERED PAPER. Each number will contain

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The Publishers feel themselves compelled to continue these terms for another year. The cost of publishing the Repository is now about three times as much as when the subscription price was Two Dollars. At the above price nothing more will be done than merely covering the cost of publication. We appeal, then, to our brethren in the ministry, to our readers, contributors, and friends of all classes, to stand by us, and join with us in one strong rally for the Repository.

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We want to know how many to publish. Hand the money to your Pastor, who will forward it for you; or send it direct to the Publishers and Agents named above.

See Notices of Press on the opposite Page.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE REPOSITORY receives the universal commendation of the press. For these courteous and friendly notices we cordially thank our brethren editors. Our circulation and exchanges extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from all localities we receive these good words. We could offer a multitude of them, but can only present a few, taken almost promiscuously as they lie before us:

The Ladies' Repository is probably the best magazine for ladies, published in this country. There is nothing of a sectarian character admitted in its columns. The good of all denominations is held up to the admiration of the reader. It aims to strengthen and correct the understanding while it improves and enlarges the heart. Never does any thing appear in its pages which tends to weaken one's faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and the utter overthrow of oppression, wrong, and sin. It is the unfaltering advocate of virtue and of virtuous lives as the only source of happiness here, and hereafter.—*Hamilton Freeman, Iowa.*

It is really a family educator, and must be highly prized by such as love good literature and a sound religion, of which the editor, Dr. Wiley, is so well qualified to judge. We heartily recommend it to all desiring to subscribe for a good monthly.—*Evangelical Messenger, O.*

This monthly is always interesting—never stale; it is, *par excellence*, the magazine for the family circle. No one can rise from a perusal of its pages without feeling impelled to aim at a higher life.—*Canada Christian Advocate.*

The Repository is always welcome for its lessons of simple truth and duty, couched in winning tales, pictures of real life, in poetry and prose, from pens never wielded in the cause of error or wrong. We copy with freedom from its faultless pages, knowing that its tone and character as a magazine is above question.—*Vermont.*

The excellent tone of the articles and the neatness with which the magazine is gotten up, commend it to the patronage of every refined and intelligent family.—*Republican and Telegraph, Ill.*

The Ladies' Repository, the queen of monthlies, lies before us. Its reading matter is pure, elevating, soul sustaining in its character. The monthly should be in the hands of every Christian lady.—*Valparaiso Republican, Ind.*

This periodical we regard as the best of this kind published in the United States. Although a denominational publication, the contributors, as a general rule, entertain broad and liberal views. Send for the Repository; your money will be well invested.—*Stark County News, Ill.*

The Ladies' Repository comes to us as beautiful and attractive as ever. A person who can not be pleased with this publication, lacks all knowledge of that which is beautiful in the periodical literature of our day.—*Ripon Commonwealth, Wis.*

The Ladies' Repository, published in Cincinnati, is always regular in its visit, and is filled with the choicest literary and religious articles. It has a very wide circulation, and is justly regarded as one of the most popular publications in the West. The engravings are always appropriate and beautiful.—*Christian Intelligencer, N. Y.*

The Repository is a model of typographical excellence—the neatest specimen of printing that comes under our notice. It is religious in its character, and is conducted by a Methodist clergyman under the direction of the General Conference. It is not, however, in any sense sectarian; and it has thousands of readers and admirers outside of its Church. We have repeatedly spoken in commendation of the Repository, and now need only reiterate our previous endorsement of its merits.—*Lyons Republican, N. Y.*

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—A man who would do his family a favor, would supply them with this favorite monthly. It benefits all who read it.—*Freeport Bulletin, Ill.*

We have received a copy of this beautiful monthly and find it as usual a gem in the literary line. Taken throughout in its prose, poetical, and editorial departments it can vie with any production of the day, intended for family perusal.—*Cincinnati Times.*

The Ladies' Repository has gained a wide popularity in view of its high literary character. It has a number of distinguished contributors, and is always fresh and full of interest.—*Independent, N. Y.*

This beautiful magazine bears to its October readers pleasant thoughts from many pens. Pleasant home hours are bound up in the Repository; gentle thoughts; heroic deeds; incidents to holy living.—*Tuscarawas Advocate, O.*

This is an excellent religious monthly, and deserves any amount of patronage. It reflects credit upon the Methodist society, in whose interests it is mostly devoted.—*Mercer County Register, Minn.*

Its contents are of the most interesting and instructive character. There is not a better magazine of its kind published in this country.—*Michigan Argus.*

This is one of the best monthlies that can be introduced into the family. It is always filled with good reading matter—unobjectionable to the most fastidious, and acceptable to every person of intelligence.—*Portland Transcript, Me.*

For pure home reading and chaste literature, the Ladies' Repository stands unrivaled. The engravings are elegant, and the table of contents is ever fascinating.—*Grand River News, Mo.*

The contents are varied, and of a high order of intellect, and strong moral and religious tone. The Repository is THE MAGAZINE for the family, especially if there are daughters in it.—*Pella Blade, Iowa.*

Its steel-plate engravings are superb, while its reading matter is of the highest order. We welcome it to our table as the first of religious magazines.—*Danville Express, N. Y.*

For Terms of Repository, see opposite Page.

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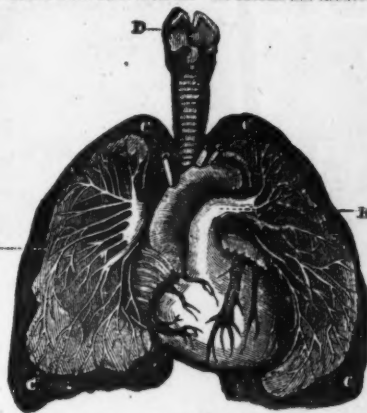
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